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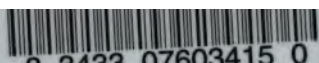
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AMERICA'S YOUNGER POETS.

*Press of*  
*MacCalla & Co.,*  
*237-9 Dock St.,*  
*Philadelphia, Pa.*

A COLLECTION  
OF  
POEMS  
BY  
AMERICA'S YOUNGER POETS.  
VOL. I.

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**"CARPERE ET COLLIGERE."**



## The Watcher.

I sat in the silence, in moonlight that gathered and glowed  
Far over the field and the forest, with tender increase ;  
The low, rushing winds in the trees were like waters that  
flowed,  
From sources of passionate joy to an ocean of peace.  
And I watched, and was glad in my heart, though the shadows  
were deep ;  
Till one came and asked me, “ Say, why dost thou watch  
through the night ? ”  
And I said : I am watching my joy ! They who sorrow may  
sleep,  
But the soul that is glad cannot part with one hour of  
delight.

Again in the silence I watched, and the moon had gone down ;  
The shadows were hidden in darkness, the winds had  
gone by ;  
The midnight sat throned, and the jewels were bright in her  
crown,  
For stars glimmered softly—oh, softly ! from depths of the  
sky.  
And I sighed as I watched all alone, till again came a voice :  
“ Say, why dost thou watch ? Joy is over, and sorrow is  
vain.”  
But I said : I am watching my grief ! Let them sleep who  
rejoice,  
But the spirit that loves cannot part with one hour of its  
pain.

Again I sat watching, in darkness that fell like a death,—  
The deep, solemn darkness that comes to make way for the  
dawn.

I looked on the earth, and it slept without motion or breath;  
And blindly I looked on the sky, but the stars were with-  
drawn.

And the voice spake once more : “ Cease thy watching, for  
what dost thou gain ? ”

And I said : I am watching my soul, to this darkness laid  
bare !

Let them sleep to whom love giveth joy—to whom love giveth  
pain,

But the soul left alone cannot part with one moment of  
prayer !

*Marion Couthouy Smith.*

The Mist.

The silent mist comes stealing  
Adown the gray old tower,  
The minster bells are pealing,  
It is the bridal hour !

I looked upon the maiden,  
And tears were in her eyes ;  
With mist her lids were laden,  
With mist the gloomy skies.  
*Frederick Allison Tupper.*

### The Ideal.

“What now is thine ideal?” asks a friend,  
As with an earnest glance he turns to me ;  
“Each one hath his own vision ; let us see  
Wherein these differ, and whereto they tend.  
Think of the world that is ; of what ‘might be’ ;  
Of what was loveliest to you long ago—  
The shattered ideals—place them in a row—  
Beginning with the years of infancy.”  
I strove then to call up the vanished past—  
A swift-drawn mental picture of the whole—  
Tracing each aim unto the present hour ;  
But words were halting, and I could at last  
But say : “O skyward-looking, fleet-winged soul !  
Earth hath no name for thine ideal flower.”

*Gowan Lea.*



## Retrospection.

The night winds blow my hearth-flame's glow  
Into a changeful shadow-show—

A phantom shade—alternate swayed  
To fitful dance or footstep slow.

Rain, snow and sleet now madly beat,  
And bring me retrospection meet

For such an hour, when eerie pow'r  
My mem'ry lures from its retreat.

My lamplight streams in mellow beams,  
And wakes again those haunting dreams

Of other days when autumn haze  
Enveiled September's golden gleams.

When life to me was full and free,  
And throbbed with love's great ecstasy,

And Fancy played, all undismayed  
By glimpse into futurity.

Again I hear with 'raptured ear  
The love-song of a streamlet clear,

Where sweet winds show that lilies grow  
Among the ferns and grasses near.

Again I view the summer hue  
Of far-off heavens, vague and blue,

In her dear eyes where sunlit skies  
Seemed always to be shining through.



Again I dare caress her hair,  
Light waving in autumnal air ;  
    Again I feel the warm breath steal  
From her young lips so pure, so fair.

And now I stray along a way  
O'erhung with mosses grim and gray  
    That drape the place where youth and grace  
And beauty pass into decay.

Where breezes blow, in spring, a snow  
Of white rose petals to and fro,  
    And willows wave above a grave  
Where all my heart lies buried low.

*Blanche Bonner Wright.*

## On the Susquehanna.

A bit of gold gleam in the sky ;  
The sun is sinking quietly  
Beyond the church tower old and gray ;  
On charming wood and olden town  
The shades of night come gravely down.

'Tis sunset hour. The old trees rest  
In shadow on the river breast,  
Whose depths sky-colored seem to me  
A realm of thought and purity ;  
And pensively  
The graceful willows lightly dream  
With fern-like spray bent over-stream.

An idle cloud to-night doth throw  
Its love-light in the stream below  
So tenderly,  
A theme for sonnets it should be ;  
And still more fair  
Seen thro' the tranquil atmosphere,  
When home returning in the glow  
Of summer evening, sad and slow,  
A sunset charm it lingers still  
Above the distant rounded hill !

\* \* \* \* \*

So leisurely the river moves  
By foliated bank and mountain groves  
With that unconscious, dreamy ease,  
Now here, now there, among the trees,  
That wood and mount and stream disclose  
A grace of nature in repose.

*Ella DuBois.*

A Fancy.

If, some day, you should chance to pass my grave,  
With folded hands and meditative air,  
And, glancing down upon a marble shaft, .  
Should read my name, in simple letters, there,—  
Ah ! then, I think, from out the silent past,  
My voice would call across the vanished years ;  
And you would know—alas ! too late—that I  
Once loved you well, in secret and in tears.  
*Ella Higginson.*

## Life's Subtle Power.

Life is so full of sweetness set,  
    So tender made by hands of friends,  
    So sacred by the love that lends  
Itself to love without regret ;

So full of promises to be,  
    So full of hopes that raise the soul  
    To struggle upwards to the goal  
Where are the loved we cannot see ;

So full of gifts to those who seek  
    With strong, undaunted spirits all  
    That breaks the bond-slaves' galling thrall,  
That lifts the strong, that helps the weak ;

So full of subtle power to stand  
    And crush out Self—a Juggernaut  
    That grinds our very selves to naught  
But Dead Sea apple in the land ;

So full of grace to lift our eyes  
    In prayer and faith to Him who sees  
    All things to us but mysteries  
In earth or air, in seas or skies,—

That, scarcely knowing how it be  
Such healing power is given to pain  
That made all hopes, all aims in vain,  
A strange new strength came unto me ;

And lifting eyes made dim with tears,  
And raising hands made weak with loss,  
I stagger up beneath the cross  
And gather patience with the years.

*J. K. Ludlum.*

## An Allegory.

### THE SUNBEAM AND THE VIOLET.

A violet lifted to the skies  
Her velvet-lidded, tear-stained eyes,  
When gently, from her lowly bed,  
A sunbeam raised the drooping head.

All in her charming, silent way,  
With modest mien and color gay,  
The blossom to the ray of gold,  
Her gratitude in beauty told.

While gazing on the lovely flower,  
The sunbeam glowed with warmth and power,  
Then hotly poured his rapturous bliss,  
In one impassioned, burning kiss.

The blossom hung her head with shame,  
Then wilted in the golden flame ;  
The ray that gave her beauty birth,  
Had crushed her wantonly to earth.

### ENVOI.

When passion holds his heart in thrall,  
Lo ! *l'homme s'amuse*, though angels fall.

*Sara Groenevelt.*

## Castles in Spain.

### A FRAGMENT.

Our castles in Spain ! We each have one  
Fair as that built by Kubla Kahn.  
There dwell the friends we've loved and known,  
There those friends the heart doth know alone.  
There sweet dream-children in their plays  
Clasp hands with unaffrighted fays.  
There actors always win applause,  
Orators plead only a noble cause,  
There artists meet their long-lost dreams  
And smile so fair the vision seems.  
Unwritten music there is heard,  
With its melody the air is stirred.  
There lovers never prove false, nor friends untrue,  
There flowers bloom the whole year thro',  
And singers sing as angels do,  
There where unknown heroes win renown,  
It may be I shall wear the poet's crown.

*Eva Thompson.*

These Summer Days.

These summer days, of blossoms redolent,  
When Flora shows her charms magnificent  
Unto the gaze of every rural swain,  
We gladly follow in her smiling train,  
And all our days close to her court are spent.  
Within her bower, underneath the tent  
Of waving trees, and turquoise firmament,  
We weave of thought a many-colored chain,  
    These summer days.

There hope and love in glowing hues are blent,  
Within their cups is thrilling perfume pent,  
And many fancies mingle in the skein,  
Which winter's blighting frost shall all prove vain,  
Yet still we weave the chain, our hearts content,  
    These summer days.

*L. F. S. Barnard.*



## The Prettiest Love That Ever Was Seen.

I met my love last night in the land of Nod,  
The prettiest love that ever was seen,  
She looked as fresh as a pea in a pod,  
And I thought at one time she was nearly as green.

But it was only her innocent way you know,  
A trusting, confiding way of hers,  
As I told her about the love that would grow,  
And the rapture for us in future years.

She is not as wise as some may be,  
But wisdom in woman is no great charm,  
And a woman is only a woman to me  
When her heart is true—sympathetic—warm.

She is dainty and debonair and small,  
Her eyes are brown—great, soft, brown eyes—  
And over them long, black lashes fall,  
And in them a subtle softness lies.

Her hair is brown—a rich, full tint—  
Soft and silky, radiant, profuse,  
The gift of a God who could not stint,  
The glory of womanhood its proper use.



Her little mouth is strangely sweet—  
A woman's tenderness intensified—  
Luscious, coral lips that meet  
O'er teeth too white for them to hide.

In form and feature this love of mine  
Was more than mortal, not of this sphere,  
Her radiant beauty a thing divine,  
Herself too lovely to linger here.

The prettiest love that ever was seen,  
She crossed my path like a bright sunbeam,  
And I know at last 'twas I that was green  
To lose my heart to a girl in a dream.

*G. Douglas Buddecke.*

Afterglow.

Kind tender lingering afterglow,  
That rests the weary, softens woe ;  
That makes a long hard day more kind,  
With golden end—a hope to blind.

A bitter truth fades out in rose,  
And tired minds may find repose,  
In sweet good night of afterglow,  
That rests the weary, softens woe.

*Mary Stewart Daggett.*

"With Sweet Enlargement."

Within the beggar's bare and bleak abode,  
As freely as in homes of guarded ease ;  
On ships that labor over billowy seas,  
As to the town's turmoil, or quiet road  
Through sheltered villages of ancient mode ;  
On mountain heights and in fair furrowed leas ;  
To him who thee forgets, or sad foresees  
Thy sure approach, O Death,—thy feet have strode,  
Unheeding bruised blossoms in thy way,  
Whene'er the singled soul has heard its call  
From Him whose hand alone thy touch can stay :  
To His omnipotence thou too thy thrall  
Must duly yield, and lo, thy sceptre's sway  
But points to heaven that shineth for us all !

*Adelaide Cilley Waldron.*

Alice.

She feels her beauty's presence as the spring  
Must feel her April sky ;  
She only knows the gladness it doth bring,  
Nor dreams of reasons why  
Each charmed hour should come on noiseless wing  
And flit as lightly by.

Before the fire she sits with low-bent head  
And slender folded hands ;  
The glow from purple flame and embers red  
Lights up those distant lands  
Where her young spirit walks with gentle tread,  
Or, meditative, stands.

And as she wanders through those airy spheres  
Of fancy, far away  
No voice from all her real world she hears,  
No sounds her footsteps stay,  
But as she goes great shining walls she rears,  
Nor heeds them lightly sway.

And towers and archways grand her maiden-might  
With confidence essays ;  
And golden pinnacles of wondrous height  
The dextrous fingers raise,  
To glow and sparkle in the warm delight  
Of tranquil summer days.

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At last the magic palace stands complete,  
And in it she espies  
Its blushing mistress, winsome, fair, and sweet,  
With gladness in her eyes,  
And on her lips, a frank confession meet  
For love the scorns disguise.

And standing close beside her may be seen,  
With triumph in his face,  
The royal master with most royal mien,  
And full of kingly grace,  
Who, smiling, gives that homage to his queen  
He takes from all his race.

*Blanche Bonner Wright.*

Shelley.

Methinks I hear the skylark's carol. List!  
What sprite melodious circles through the mist,  
Invoking inspiration in its flight,  
And pouring music from empyreal height?  
'Tis wingéd genius, with his fervid lays,  
That cloud-like soars above the dewy haze—  
While sending unto thirsting human flowers  
The pearls of poesy in silvery showers.

*Sara Groenevelt.*

## In the Gloaming.


I am sitting in the gloaming, love,  
My thoughts are of the past,  
Of the days when you were dashing Tom,  
And I a bright-eyed lass.

Your eyes were dark as night, love,  
While mine were azure blue ;  
Your hair a wavy chestnut brown  
And mine a golden hue.

The day that we were wed, love,  
We vowed to faithful be ;  
That our love, like God's Word,  
Should last through eternity.

Then our hearts were young and gay, love,  
And life was bright and fair,  
And every day brought some new joy,  
The world seemed free from care.

But I have traveled years alone, love,  
The way has darksome been,  
And I long for the golden gate,  
To swing open and let me in.





For my eyes are dimmed with age, love,  
My hair is like the snow,  
But my heart is as true to you  
As in the long ago.

And I look across death's river, love,  
Beyond the gates that will open wide ;  
Where I will meet my lover Tom,  
And you will greet your bride.

*Mrs. Virginia Ross.*

## Hesper and Phosphor.

Love, once you seemed as far from me  
As Libya's golden orchards be ;  
More sweet, more difficult and far  
Than the Hesperian apples are.

Love, once you seemed a strain scarce heard  
By night ;—or harp or breeze or bird—  
The sleeper's spell of listening  
He would not break by answering.

Love, once you seemed like images  
In a lone lake. The watcher sees  
Lips smiling to him from the brim ;  
Alas, intangible to him !

Love, once you seemed a maid so sweet  
No lips were worthy yours to meet ;  
Love, once you seemed a maid so rare  
Night's only counsel was despair.

Yet dawned the white day when I knew  
That all these dreams of mine were true  
And more ! Artemis and Astarte  
And Maiden with the human heart !


Hasten the hour when dreams of thee  
Thine own hand scatters tenderly !  
When night and day commingled are  
My Evening and my Morning Star !

*Willis Steel.*

### The Dying Soldier.

I'm dying, pard, I feel the chill of death upon me stealing,  
My life-blood's ebbing, ebbing fast away ;  
The vap'ry curtain from the mystic River's drawn, revealing,  
Beyond, the light of an eternal day.  
But there's a lull, pard, in the roar of battle, and I hear  
A shout and cheer as if of victory :  
Whose flag is waving yet? Ah, pard, I know—the old flag dear—  
The starry emblem of the brave and free—  
Because there's joy, pard, over yonder where the angels dwell ;  
'There's wailing, wailing, wailing in the lowest depths of hell.

Yes, pard, I'm dying now ; no more around the bivouac fire  
with you,  
I'll sleep and dream of home and friends away ;  
Beyond the River the " reveille's " sounding—here " tattoo "   
Proclaims the closing of a bloody day.  
I hear " assembly-call," pard, over yonder on that shore  
Where war's dread banners are forever furled ;  
I'll answer " roll-call " there when the dark night of Death  
is o'er,  
Among the heavenly hosts of that bright world.  
But, pard, amid the smoke of battle 'tis glorious to die,  
And know that Freedom's banner's waving proudly in the sky.



I'm dying, pard, the sands of Time are running low, and  
fleeting ;

The "long-roll's" sounding on the other shore,  
My heart is like a muffled drum, so low and sad its beating—  
Ah, pard, together we will march no more.

Our fighting and our marching, pard, together now are ended—  
The hand of Death is writing my "furlough"—

The bugle's blast and beat of drums are now so sweetly blended  
With songs of praise that mortals may not know.

Ah, pard, be brave of heart, fight to the end and know no fear ;  
The clouds are lifting, and, beyond, the dawn of day is near.

Yes, pard, I'm going fast ; a dying message I would send

To those at home that I have loved so well ;  
To MOTHER and to that loved one who is—ah, more than  
friend—

You'll tell them where I died and how I fell.

You'll tell those loved ones that my thoughts were with them  
to the last,

And that I spoke of them with my last breath ;  
You'll tell them of my hopes—my sky no doubt or gloom  
o'ercast—

That love for them robbed of its terrors, Death.

See ! pard ! the Great Commander comes ! A glow of glory  
wraps


His brow ! A beat of drum is heard !—the lights are out—  
it's "Taps !"

*J. P. Prickett.*

### The Madonna.

The light that falls athwart this pictured face  
Hath richer tint than that of common day,  
As if suffused by some diviner ray  
Than art may give of holiness and grace.  
O spirit type, or dream beyond compare  
Of womanhood divine in human guise,  
The source from whence redemption's blest emprise.  
For aye in earth or heaven beloved and fair,  
And thus there blooms on altar-piece and shrine  
This flower of art,—a pure ideal face ;  
Soul-lit with holy joy of mother love  
In Christ, new born, foreknown by mystic sign  
Of alien star aflame in midnight space  
And seraph greeting from the throne above.

*Isadore Baker.*



One More.

One more fresh young bud has faded  
In its early spring ;  
One more heart with sorrow laded  
By the 'Terror-King ;  
One more brow where beauty lingered,  
Sealed with Death's cold kiss ;  
One more harp-string, rudely fingered,  
Lost its lay of bliss.

One more voice is hushed forever,  
One more life-song o'er ;  
One more crossed the darkling river  
To the mystic shore.  
One more ransomed spirit dwelleth  
The redeemed among ;  
One more voice the chorus swelleth,  
By the angels sung.

One more wanderer, gently moulded,  
Hath been gathered home ;  
One more tender lamb been folded,  
Never more to roam.  
One more passed the radiant portal  
Of the gate of Day ;  
One more shines a fair immortal,  
Like the stars for aye !

*S. Mansfield.*

All in All.

Be calm, O Wind, and gently blow,  
Nor rouse the waves' commotion.  
Ye Clouds, veil not the bay so low :  
My love sails o'er the ocean.

Out, boatman, out ! The wind will rise ;  
The yawl will find it stormy.  
Ah, throw thy fee—Her signal flies—  
My love is waiting for me.

Blow on, ye Winds, your prey has flown,  
Who cares for wave or weather ?  
My love, my own ! no more alone,  
We walk the shore together.

*Geo. L. Raymond.*

## A Mother's Love.

There's naught can equal, nothing e'er compare  
With the devotion, changeless, pure and true,  
Of a fond mother—her whose gentle words  
Have ever been a cheer, life's journey through.  
In all the hours of childhood's peevish days,  
When little things occasioned sobs of grief;  
Ah, then, what heart so well could sympathize?  
Whose soothing words so quickly give relief?

A mother's love! O, fairest earthly boon!  
Sustained and blessed us through our helpless years;  
With matchless patience, and a willing grace,  
For us she bore privation, toil and tears;  
And kindly stooped to heed each childish whim,  
And in our every joy did take delight;  
Nor failed to censure when we were in fault,  
Or praise, if we, perchance, had done the right.

A mother's love a faithful watch did keep,  
O'er us through all the sunny days of youth;  
By precept and example did impart  
To us a knowledge of the way of truth.  
How oft through life, as we recall the past,  
We'll think of good advice that she did give;  
Her Christian counsel, if it heeded be,  
Shall safely guide, and teach us how to live.

*Violet E. King.*



Life.

The hours of joy and pleasure  
Pass by with a heart that sings ;  
But the hours of sadness measure  
The time on leaden wings ;  
This life is but a fleeting dream,  
Is but a passing breath ;  
Helpless we float down life's stream,  
And are lost in the valley of death.

*Mrs. Virginia Ross.*

### Changes.

How soon the wreath of summer droops and falls  
From the year's languid hands ! Alas, how soon,  
In calms of fading sun and brightening moon,  
The still earth lists the Father's gentle calls,  
Which say, "Give back thy sweets—lay down thy flowers—  
Awhile, O Earth, thy dear delights forego,  
That thou awhile no life save hope may'st know,  
And rest in patience, numbering barren hours !"  
How sweetly Earth prepares her for the change,  
And suffers all her blooms to fall away !  
How calm and gradual is the slow decay,  
Till loss itself no more seems hard or strange.  
O peaceful snow ! O spirit-flower, that lives,  
A wondrous bloom, upon the leafless waste !  
O time that glides without delay or haste,  
While winter dreams of more than summer gives !  
So would I learn to bid my joys farewell,  
And enter desolate ways with quiet heart ;  
For he who calls me thus to mourn apart,  
Can speak through silence with so sweet a spell,  
And strike so strange a joy through loss and pain,  
That rapture's self can hold no richer gain.

*Marion Couthouy Smith.*

### The Destiny-maker.

She came ; and I who linger'd there,  
I saw that she was very fair ;  
And, with my sighs that pride suppressed,  
There rose a trembling wish for rest.

But I, who had resolv'd to be  
The maker of my destiny,  
I turn'd me to my task and wrought,  
And so forgot the passing thought.

She paused ; and I who question'd there,  
I heard she was as good as fair ;  
And in my soul a still, small voice  
Enjoin'd me not to check my choice.

But I, who had resolv'd to be  
The maker of my destiny,  
I bade the gentle guardian down,  
And tried to think about renown.

She left ; and I who wander, fear  
There's nothing more to see or hear ;  
Those walls that ward my paradise  
Are very high, nor open twice.

And I, who had resolv'd to be  
The maker of my destiny,  
Can only wait without the gate  
And sit and sigh—"Too late ! too late !"

*Geo. L. Raymond.*

## On the Mexic Gulf.

Dost thou remember, Juan, that blissful night,  
When all the heavens were hung with censers bright—  
How lightly skimmed our bark o'er waters blue,  
As like a sea-gull on the wing it flew?

How, when the brilliant sunset bade good-by,  
Night's flashing jewels lit the earth and sky,  
And how the weird Gulf's symphonies sublime  
Throbbled to our quickened pulse in perfect time?

With tender memories fraught that haunt me still,  
This tuneful Gulf brings back the olden thrill;  
Can I forget those dark eyes bent on me?  
Can I forget that loving glance, or thee?

As softly fell the moonlight from above—  
Spoke that fond glance of friendship, or of love?  
If 'twas not love, ah! friendship then is sweet—  
When it can make the heart so wildly beat.

The glorious sunset, with its gorgeous dyes,  
Brought back to thee the rich Italian skies;  
Was she, who sat beside thee then, so fair,  
As sportive sunbeams kissed her sable hair?

The past, with all its charms, is naught to me ;  
I care not what it was to her or thee ;  
The past hath fled—the present all is mine—  
Dost thou not love me, Juan ? Am I not thine ?

Can famed Italia, land of song and art,  
Alone enchain thy fond but vagrant heart ?  
Oh, tell me, darling, is it only there  
That evening skies are bright, and women fair ?

*Sara Groenevelt.*

Fame.

When one has climbed the ladder, steep, that leadeth up to  
fame,  
And, that he may ne'er return again, has pushed aside the  
same,  
Does he e'er remember what it cost to reach so high a place?  
Or does success, so perfect, all those bitter days efface?

If he would but look backward once, to the toilers on the way,  
With their sore, discouraged hearts, aching, breaking, every day,  
He would surely stretch a kindly hand to those yet left behind,  
To help them up that weary way, that they might knowledge  
find.

*Ella Higginson.*

June.

A rush of waters with an eager flow  
And gladsome voice ; now lapsing into slow  
And tranquil song ; then on with sluggish will  
To meditative pause ; a moment still,  
With tender lullabies awhile to rest  
And kiss the water-lilies on its breast.  
A summer landscape ; birds light flitting by ;  
A world of bloom ; a blue expanse of sky ;  
Rare melody and rhythm ; life full of tune ;  
And this sweet consonance is thine, O June !  
O, month for happy lovers ! in thy swell  
Of perfect chords they find some parallel  
Between their lives in every phase and thine :  
With mystic intuition they divine  
The meaning of thy brook-song and rejoice  
In its capricious note and fitful voice  
To find another course as full of change  
As theirs ; another progress just as strange.  
They kneel amidst thy bloom, and with a power  
Their own, hear on the breath of ev'ry flower,  
A whispered gratulation for their love,  
And hope, and faithful lives ; they look above,  
And gracious skies seem nearer earth to bend,  
And with the light their benedictions send.  
A pair of ruby-breasted birds draw near  
With subtle sympathy ; they have no fear  
Of mortals such as these ; and so they woo  
All unabashed, for they are lovers too.

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The tender love-song mingles with the flow  
Of brook ; the summer wind joins in the low  
Strange symphony with cadence soft and sweet ;  
All life and love unite with rhythmic beat  
Of pulse ; this great world smiles ; and time and tune  
Are one when thou art passing, holy June !

*Blanche Bonner Wright.*



### Snow Pictures.

The snow-flakes trembling fall adown,  
Pale wanderers from an unknown land ;  
The oaks, with ragged foliage brown,  
Like beggars, in the silence stand.

Yet through the maze of falling snow,  
I see the summer roses blush,  
And song-bird's music, sweet and low,  
Comes welling from the wintry hush.

*Frederick Allison Tupper.*



### A Summer Night.

Who may portray the beauty of the night,  
When shadows brood above the sun-sick land  
And softly blend the bounds of sea and strand,  
While, stretching far beneath the pale delight  
Of August's rounded moon that jewels bright  
Each crest, at gray Poseidon's glad command  
His plumed sea horses plunge along the sand,  
A never-hushed artillery, gay bedight !  
With sweet perfume the flower lifts up its face  
To drink the cool refreshment of the dew,  
And swaying idly with a languid grace  
The vine forgets that once the north wind blew,  
While birds breathe faint good-nights from tree to tree,  
And Sleep's calm blessing rests on wood and lea.

*Adelaide Cilley Waldron.*

Easter.

The sun in terror sought a cloud,  
And sank in darkness 'neath the hill ;  
The trees with anguish sobbed aloud,  
The wild bird's note was still.

No moonbeam pierced the gathering gloom,  
Nor star's enlivening ray,  
But trembling for an unknown doom,  
The earth in awful stillness lay.

Now angel guardians from the skies  
Wing to earth their shining way,  
And where the slain Redeemer lies  
They wait the dawn of Easter-Day.

The glorious morning breaks,  
Christ has risen from the tomb,  
Earth from her solemn stillness wakes,  
The fields burst forth in bloom.

The very grain for gladness grows,  
The wild bird joyous sings,  
The Sun of Righteousness arose  
With healing in His wings.

*Eva Thompson.*



"In Apprehension, so like God!"

—*Hamlet.*

Take the mouldering dust,  
Wake it into life,—  
Matter is but servant of the mind.

Touch the silent keys:  
Genius can evoke  
Music wherein gods commune with men.

Read the soul of man,  
And the farthest star:  
Truth is one, and is forever true.

Think the wildest thought,  
Hope the utmost hope,—  
Time shall be when all shall be fulfilled.

Wonder not at deed,  
Wonder more at thought,  
Wonder at the hope that feeds itself.

Genius is divine,  
Genius is the true:  
Man becomes that which he worships,—God!

*Gowan Lea.*

Life.

"Life is a bubble," she laughingly said,  
"Grandmother told me so to-day ;  
Fair and beautiful while it lasts,  
But so frail that soon it will vanish away !

"Life is a bubble—she knows, of course,—  
But a bubble is fair while it lasts, I say ;  
Have I not made them time and again,  
Like miniature earths as they floated away ?

"And if life is a bubble, what then ?" she said ;  
"Is it not perfect and round and fair ?  
Bright with colors of earth and sky,—  
Full of love as the bubble with air ?

"Why, life *is* a bubble, I'm sure !" she said,  
Laughing and blushing, "for, don't you see,  
What would the bubble be without air ?  
And life without love—what would it be ?"

*J. K. Ludlum.*

A June Song.

Merrily the woods resound,  
When laughing June comes tripping by,  
Joyously the heart doth bound  
When summer smiles on earth and sky ;  
Rapturously the wild birds sing  
A welcome to her advent fair,  
Tenderly the roses cling  
Amid her trailing, sunny hair.  
All nature is resounding  
With notes of sweetest minstrelsy,  
And every heart is bounding  
With love and joy and melody.

Trippingly she speeds along,  
Her tresses floating on the breeze,  
Murmuringly her joyous song  
Is heard among the leafy trees ;  
Dreamily her glad smiles fall  
On lake and stream and mead and fell,  
Lovingly she weaves o'er all  
The witching charm of beauty's spell.  
Bright smiles of beauty glancing  
Enchantingly on land and sea ;  
And notes of joy entrancing  
All hearts with richest melody.

Gladly we hail thee, sweet ardent, blushing June,  
Green-clad and rose-crowned, child of the fervid noon.

*S. Mansfield.*

### To a Figurine of Tanagra.

O not the sluggard Herrick roused  
At matin-hour that May-day ;  
And not the Sybil who espoused  
Death to cheat Coppet's lady ;  
I seek the Theban—Pindar's rival—who  
Taught him Boeotian lore. I wonder now  
Among these little statues which is you ?  
That you are here my fancy doth avow.  
The flirt lifting a gold leaf to her face,  
Or she who sits—a Julia—in her place,  
Fan idle upon knee ? Neither ! Or again  
This virgin who speeds homeward in the rain  
Drawing her garment tight about her bust ?  
(Fie Figurine ! like you men are but dust.)  
One frowns upon a column for a rhyme ;  
Corinna, have I found you ? In your time  
Did poetesses frown and knit the brow  
For rhymes as I do now ?

*Willis Steell.*

Cupid.

The blinded child who bears the taut-strained bow  
And quiver which immortal arrows fill  
That they may fly, at his eventful will,

To pierce our hearts with pangs of joy and woe,  
Waits worn and sad (his pinions drooping low,  
While where the rose late wreathed the plummy quill  
Hangs but a solitary daffodil,

So lorn is he) before the gates of snow  
That shut from him the bliss of Paradise :

“ Have I not sped my darts to touch with fire  
From off thy altars those who else might see

No light divine, nor heavenward e'er aspire ?  
What lack I,” with pathetic voice he cries,  
“ That thus thy pearl-like portals close to me !”

*Adelaide Cilley Waldron.*



### Farmer Lad.

Farmer lad, in the morning gray,  
Blest may seem the town, and they,  
Slumbering late, who, void of blame,  
Seek at their leisure wealth and fame ;  
    But how many there, thy race would run  
    To know thy rest when the day is done !

Farmer lad, when the herd's faint bells  
Clink far off o'er the sunburnt fells,  
Better may seem the coin that calls  
Ringing and bright from the town's cool halls ;  
    But how many there, would give all its gleams  
    For the golden light of thy guileless dreams !

Farmer lad, where the herd will drink  
Waits a maid that bathes by the brink  
Bare brown feet ; and the rill, made sweet,  
Thrills to touch her who thee would greet.  
    There is more for thee in the blue of her eye  
    Than in all the towns that are under the sky.

*Geo. L. Raymond.*

Haymakers.

Oh, brown-armed farmers piling  
Great heaps of meadow hay,  
Your healthful hours beguiling  
With rustic roundelay ;  
Whence cometh your merry singing,  
When your toil is so hard and long ?  
Doth the note of the wild bird ringing  
Teach you your happy song ?  
*Frederick Allison Tupper.*

### A Bachelor's Reasoning.

You say that a man is to blame—  
That life is just what we make it—  
That everything isn't the same,  
And the world is just as we take it.  
Well, well, I may be an exception—  
Everything to me is the same,  
The world is but a deception,  
Nothing real—not even in name.

My life at best is a void,  
A tiresome repetition,  
A weariness never alloyed,  
A stagnant, sterile imposition—  
To-morrow will be as to-day,  
Next week the same as this,  
Hopes although they may stray  
Any change in the future will miss.

Few men can marry these days ;  
Civilization seems to forbid ;  
The world in too many ways  
Requires much more than it did ;  
One cannot begin as of yore  
With nothing but love to depend on,  
True love—and a cottage in store  
Are things to be now foregone.

No sensible man would dare  
    To make the best woman his wife,  
Though her love might lighten the care  
    And the every-day burdens of life,  
Unless he could give her quite all  
    The comforts she always had known—  
A home that the world would call  
    Quite as good as her father's own.

This then is chiefly the trouble,  
    Our wants are always too great,  
We can not start out with the double  
    Of what our fathers were glad to have late.  
The days of homespun are fled,  
    A wife now is not a helpmate—  
A different life must be led  
    And the helping is out of date.

It is a mistake all through,  
    But the world has reached such a stage  
There is nothing a man can do.  
    I cannot reform the age,  
And I say that my life is a void,  
    That the world is but a delusion,  
And will be so till destroyed—  
    A perfectly just conclusion.

*G. Douglas Buddecke.*

A Message.

Ye stars of silent night,  
In yonder infinite height,  
    Upon the empyrean blue ;  
This message sweet indite,  
In hieroglyphics of light,  
Before her gladdened sight :  
    Dear heart, he loves you true,  
    He loves but you.

*S. Mansfield.*

## The Song of Margaret.

Noblest of maidens, Margaret,  
Outside Love's garden lingereth ;  
" My time," she sigheth, " is not yet,—  
My time for either love or death :  
'Twixt star and star my sphere is set ;  
The light from each is faint," she saith.

" Here in Love's garden on my left,  
All wealth of fruit and flower is seen,  
The amber peach, with ripeness cleft,  
The blue grape and the nectarine,  
The white rose, of her love bereft,  
The dark-red rose that plays the queen.

" While on my right, past wood and lea,  
The pale horizon dimly glows :  
Its light upon the silver sea  
A soul of color doth disclose,  
As if its subtle flame might be  
The fire that kindles in the rose."

The noble maiden, Margaret,  
Walks in white garments, like a bride ;  
On barren ways her steps are set,  
Sweet mysteries dwell on either side ;  
Fair are the garden-glooms, and yet  
Her eyes o'erlook the distance wide.

Which way at last her course shall tend,  
Fain would she know ere day is old.  
The garden-paths have many a bend,  
White robes are soiled by wet brown mold,  
And where those shadowy windings end,  
That is a secret still untold !

Out on the far horizon's rim  
There dwells a light that never dies ;  
Faint sounds, as from an angel's hymn,  
In soft strange echoings fall and rise.  
The path between is wild and dim,  
But leads it not to Paradise?

Noblest of maidens, Margaret,  
Still lingereth on the barren way :  
"My time," she sigheth, "is not yet !  
The larger lot, the more delay.  
'Twixt star and star my sphere is set,—  
Ah ! which shall be my Star of Day ?"

*Marion Couthouy Smith.*



Blonde and Brunette.

The weeping darkness is moaning,  
And its tears fall 'gainst the pane,  
While the flickering firelight laugheth  
At the sound of the driving rain.

Within, a fair-haired maiden  
Is playing an old refrain,  
While fiercely without in the blackness  
A dark face presseth the pane.

*Frederic Allison Tupper.*



Experience.

Along the dewy cool highway  
There tripped a maid who gaily sung ;  
A withered crone, grown old and gray,  
Looked on and sighed, " I once was young."

Upon the maiden's lovely face  
No shadow lay of grief nor care,  
But only tender thought's faint trace ;  
The old crone cried, " I once was fair."

When just at eve the maid returned,  
A lover's steps were unproved,  
Nor was his fervent wooing spurned ;  
The old crone croaked, " I once was loved."  
*Adelaide Cilley Waldron.*

### Little Joe.

Well, I swow to gracious goodness, Mary Ellen,  
This here paper says, and 'course it must be so,  
That the hearts of all good men with pride are swellin'  
At Joe Jenks' nomination—Little Joe—  
And it says that he's an honor to the city  
Over which as Mayor he will sure preside;  
That he is the soul of honor, bright and witty,  
And in all good works of mercy has been tried.  
That he came up from the people ever seeing,  
That true greatness could be won by being true  
To his country, and to those who gave him being—  
God will bless him—that refers to me and you;  
Because it's *our* little Joe of whom it's speaking—  
Little Joe whose coming filled our hearts with joy,  
And to shield from evil we were always seeking—  
Little Joe—that bright-eyed, curly-headed boy!

Bless me, Mary Ellen, years are swiftly flying  
O'er our heads, and yet it seems as but a day  
Since the time when you were soothing him and crying  
With him over childish hurts received at play—  
Since the shout and prattle of our little treasure  
Woke the echoes of our home with music sweet;  
And those echoes linger yet in sweetest measure;  
Songs to music set, the patter of his feet.

'Though our home seems lone without him, yet there's  
ringing

His sweet voice in every whisper of the breeze—  
In the carols of the birds when sweetly singing,  
And the sighing of the night-wind 'mong the trees.  
Yes, I hear him and I see him when I'm sleeping;  
Though a thousand miles or more we are apart;  
As of yore he comes to me with smiles or weeping,  
And in dreams I fondly press him to my heart.

While those city folks with honors him are pressing—  
And too many on him they can ne'er bestow—  
Asking God to guide with wisdom and a blessing,  
We will ever humbly pray for little Joe—  
Pray that God may ever have him in his keeping,  
Guiding all his acts and steps in wisdom's ways;  
That when Evil stalks abroad he be not sleeping,  
But may crown with upright conduct all his days.  
Pray that he may pride and dark ambition smother;  
That his heart be ever true and with the right;  
That home teachings, and the counsels of a mother,  
Like a beacon, guide him through the darkest night.  
Though we're poor, unlettered country folks, I wonder—  
(Having not much of this world's goods here below),  
Whether prayers of ours will be heard; if, up yonder,  
They'll not hear us in behalf of Little Joe?

*J. P. Prickett.*

Contrast.

An avenue of dusky pines  
Leads grimly to the castle door ;  
The moonbeams gild the sculptured lines  
· Mine eyes shall gaze upon no more.

The casements gleam with flashing lights,  
And music echoes through the halls ;  
I mark the whirling dancers' flights  
While distance-softened laughter falls.

For them, the battlemented hall,  
For them, the laugh, the dance, the light ;  
For me, wild ocean's ceaseless call,  
For me, the blackness of the night !


*Frederic Allison Tupper.*

### Early Summer Days.

How pleasant on this grassy knoll to lie,  
Watching the rosy, lingering summer clouds,  
Thro' maple trees. There in the vale below  
Tranquil fields lie in the flush of sunset ;  
There, mutely in the distance stand the hills  
Lost in their own mysterious, shadowy thoughts,  
While from the fair, delightful woods around  
Comes to me on the idle breeze to-day  
A pleasant murmuring.

In quiet glee  
Amid the grasses a bright rivulet  
Steals past me on its way to meads beyond,  
Sweetest bits of flowers grow on its banks  
New springing life, to these fair influences  
It whispers by the way. In richest tones,  
As a clear interlude, a little bird  
Outpouring its notes of sweet melody  
Listens ! O, little lover of music  
Calling within the forest until some  
Invisible singer, loyal and sweet,  
Answers in rhapsodies, thy charming song  
Dost awaken longings in my own soul  
And loving thoughts.

Thy timid melody  
And the tender assurance floating free  
Out of the depths of the bright-leaved forest  
Has stirred the covert of my silent heart ;



And a dainty wish like a bird has come  
From thence ; it calls away, away beyond  
The distant mountain's dim, elated head,  
Until in fancy I can hear reply  
Over the tree tops soaring bright with hope  
An answer full of confidence and love  
And tender questionings.

As softer glow  
Now lights the woodland, 'tis the setting sun  
That fills the beautiful groups of maple,  
Of beech and chestnut with rich sunset light,  
Till all the olden forest in a dream  
Of indescribable enchantment rests  
And golden fantasies. With a slow smile  
The light grows fainter, a soft evening gloom  
Falls on the earth ; a mingling of bright hues  
With the twilight shadows—'tis the flowers  
Faintly interweaving with the grasses.  
The light breeze that pervades the forest,  
The hush of the leaves, the melodious  
Bird-song and my own communings,  
These have so strengthened my spirit to-day,  
That I will descend to the vale again  
Refreshed and gladdened, and better thereby ;  
But when the moonbeam rests upon my desk,  
And the blue haze lies dreamily on the hills,  
I shall long for my calm, woodland retreat,  
The trees casting a shadow on the sward,  
And birds like muses singing in the shade !

*Ella Du Bois.*

Autumn.

A hectic flush upon the maple leaves,  
A chill within the air,  
The mournful music of the wind that grieves,  
The death of blossoms fair.

Portend the coming winter and the snow,  
Streams bound with icy gyves,  
The frosty starlight's palpitating glow,  
Sad hours in poets' lives.

*Frederic Allison Tupper.*

## Pessimism.

Some never love because they fear  
The penalty is all too dear.

Some never climb the mountain high  
Lest mist should fall from out the sky.

Some never sail the bounding sea,  
For fear the ship becalmed might be.

Some never glide the waves for fear  
The wind might roar, a storm be near.

If roses bud, the blight will stay  
The perfect fragrance of their day.

If cloudlets float in sky of blue—  
The azure bodes a day untrue.

If maiden beauty glow supreme,  
Some imperfection lurks unseen.

When mind o'er matter wins the race,  
Some doubt the fairness of the pace.

Some lose the half of God's great plan,  
Resolved to stay the fate of man.

Cold unbelief and craven dread—  
'Two ghosts that haunt the heart unfed.

Dismiss at last all other friends,  
To swear that joy is all that ends.

And e'en at Heaven's very gate,  
Detain their victim—bid him wait.

*Mary Stewart Daggett.*



### The Awakening.

Cold lies the earth in death-like trance profound,  
Pulseless, passionless, dreamless, mute and still,  
Enwrapped in frosty cerements white and chill,  
In winter's icy fetters firmly bound.  
No hint of life, no change, no stir, no sound,  
Save ghostly shriekings of the north-winds shrill,  
No voice of bird, no lisp of purling rill ;  
Death, gloom and desolation all around.  
O wondrous change, when winter's course is run,  
When from his dalliance in the far-off South  
Returns the fairy prince, the regal sun,  
And rains warm kisses on her ice-cold mouth.  
Broken the spell, and burst the adamant chains,  
While new life throbs in all her frozen veins.

*S. Mansfield.*



## The Last Grand Army Man.

Thronged were the streets of the city; hushed were the  
closed marts of trade;  
Noiseless the capital city 'cept sounds by low drum-beats  
made.  
Flags from the capitol floating; flags that were tattered and  
rent;  
Rent by the bullets of treason; fired by hands that were  
bent,  
Only on striking a deadly blow at the life of that nation,  
Born in the blood of the Fathers—liberty's brightest crea-  
tion.

Dear was that flag to the brave ones—heroes were each one  
and all—  
Feeling the heart-throbs of Freedom; hearing the stricken  
one's call;  
Hearing the wild shouts of traitors; smelling the battle afar;  
Marched down to death and to glory under its stripes and its  
stars.  
Grand were those sons of the Northland, marching away to  
the South;  
Into the smoke of the battle—up to the grim cannon's mouth.

Brave were those sons of the nation—liberty-loving and true;  
Worthy descendants of freemen—bearing the red, white and  
blue—

Marching to drum-beat of Freedom, into the din of the strife ;  
Praying for home and for country, mother, and children, and  
wife.

Into the hell of the conflict, marched they where by duty led ;  
Blood marked the trail of their marching—blood of the patriot  
dead !

Millions of patriots sprang to arms at the President's call ;  
Millions of patriot women gave to their country their all.  
Blessings and tears gemmed the pathway bravely by patriots  
trod ;

Millions of prayers were ascending up to the bright throne of  
God.

Prayers of Spartan-like mothers—hiding their fears and their  
weeping—

Giving to God, for their country, husbands and sons in His  
keeping.

Thundered the guns of the Southland, under the Stars and  
the Bars ;

Thundered the guns of the Northland, under the Stripes and  
the Stars ;

Deep hung the smoke of the conflict, pall-like, on hill and on  
plain ;

Death-laden missiles of carnage fell like the fall of the rain.

There, like a wall adamantine, shoulder to shoulder they  
stand,

Under the banner of Freedom—under the flag of our land.

There, 'mid the smoke of the battle ; there, where the can-  
non-shot fell ;

There, 'mid the "singing" of bullets ; there, 'mid the burst-  
ing of shell ;

There, 'mid the conflict's wild horrors ; there, in the war-  
demon's breath ;  
There, in the hell of the slaughter ; there, in the face of grim  
Death,  
Friendships that time cannot sever, mystic and blood-stained  
the tie ;  
Friendships were formed and cemented ; friendships that never  
can die.

Triumphed, the armies of Freedom—triumphed, the cause of  
the just ;  
Silenced, the guns of the traitors ; trailed, their proud flag in  
the dust.  
Peace waved her wand o'er the nation ; hushed, then, were  
war's dread alarms ;  
Hushed was the roar of the battle ; silenced, the clashing of  
arms.  
Home came the nation's defenders ; martial their bearing and  
tread ;  
Heroes were they, of the living ; martyrs to Freedom, the dead.

Time, like the hand of a mother, wiped away every trace ;  
Wiped from the face of the nation bitterness, strife and dis-  
grace.  
Healing the wounds of the conflict, left in the hearts of her  
sons ;  
Left by the horrors of prisons—left by the traitorous guns.  
Grand were those battle-scarred heroes ; grand in the demon-  
like strife ;  
Grander when sinking the soldier into civilian life.

Grim is that pitiless driver—centuries' charioteer—  
Driving away with the wheels of Time every recurring year.

Now, of that noble Grand Army, only one hero remains ;  
Comrades now answer to roll-call, on the celestial plains.  
Bearing the scars of the battle—snow-white the hair of his  
head ;  
Up through the streets of the city, comes he with soldier-like  
tread.

Boom now the steel-throated cannon ; bullet-rent flags proudly  
wave ;  
Cheers greet the ears of the hero—flowers his lone pathway  
pave.  
Up to the capitol marching ; into its wide, spacious halls ;  
There is his regiment's banner ; clasping it wildly, he falls ;  
Falls with that blood-stained old banner clasped in a loving  
embrace ;  
Faint grows the pulse of the hero ; white as the marble his  
face.

Earth bounds no longer his vision ; thoughts seem to wander  
afar ;  
Sweeter than earth-sounds the music, coming from gates now  
ajar.  
Faintly the old hero whispers : “ There on that beautiful shore,  
Comrades are forming to welcome—comrades who've gone  
on before.  
See ! they are forming for roll-call ; hark, to those names  
loved and dear !  
Mine now they're calling, and pausing—I'm coming—I'm  
present—HERE ! ”

*J. P. Prickett.*

As a Swan.

- . When a woman boasts that she is happy,  
Sings it loud, and sings it long,  
Then, I think she feels the knife-point, as the swan,  
Dying, sings its sweetest song.

*Ella Higginson.*

### Before the Dawn.

Just before the dawn the leaves begin to stir,  
Just before the dawn—with a soft and wistful sound ;  
The shrill small things with wiry wings have ceased their rest-  
less whirr,  
The voices of night are hushed, and the stillness closes round.

Just before the dawn there's a tremble in the air ;  
The silence still is deep, but it seems to pause and hark ;  
The earth is sighing in her sleep (are her dreams sad or fair ?) ;  
And a creeping wind that feels its way goes rustling through  
the dark.

Just before the dawn I am waking from my sleep,  
The hush is on my soul, and it resteth without thought ;  
Or perchance in one great Thought lies whelmed, as in the  
deep,  
And waits in an awful calm till the wonder of Day be  
wrought.

O'er the dim half-globe stealeth a wan white light ;  
Strange as the smile of the dead, it groweth unaware ;  
And, touched by a dream that hovers between the day and  
night,  
All things wake and whisper ; life breathes low in the air.



All things wake and whisper, still with a sense of doubt ;  
Light leaves tremble with hope ; here and there twitters a  
bird :  
Soon will the moment come when the flush of the East breaks  
out,  
When the wide world laughs and arises, and the chorus of  
song is heard !

I, too, wait for the morn, lying watchful and still,  
But the calm of my soul is shattered in fragments of  
thought and dream ;  
Just as, a moment later, when the sun looks over the hill,  
The clear white light will be broken in shadow and golden  
gleam.

But later, and later still, when broad bright day is here,  
And all life's voices sound, my soul will still be dumb ;  
My soul will still be waiting, in wonder and hope and fear,—  
For *her* light is the light of dawn, and her Day is yet to  
come.

*Marion Couthouy Smith.*



### Musing.

He sits before his ruddy fire,  
And casts his glances now and then  
On one adorned with rich attire,—  
Ah well, 'tis often so with men.

He casts his glances now and then,  
And thinks the while of one whose face,  
Before she fled from mortal ken,  
Was full of supernatural grace.

The woman dressed in rich attire  
Sits dreaming deeply of the past,  
And sees within the ruddy fire  
Hints of her secret hidden fast.

The man hath wealth and state and power,  
A wife who sigheth now and then,  
He muses deep at twilight's hour,—  
Alas, 'tis often so with men !

*Frederic Allison Tupper.*

## The Soldier's Dream.

Where Potomac's waters glide  
In a silvery rippling tide,  
Among the flowers that skirt its side,  
    To the boundless deep ;  
Weary, at the close of day,  
In his tent a soldier lay  
Dreaming on his bed of clay,  
    In his troubled sleep.

Lo ! what beauteous visions blaze  
On his wondering, eager gaze,  
Till his heart in rapt amaze  
    Surges in his breast.  
See ! a form in vestments white  
Glides athwart his ravished sight,  
Halo-crowned and robed in light  
    Like the radiant blest.

On her breast are golden bars,  
In her hand the sword of Mars,  
On her head a crown of stars,  
    Flashing brilliantly ;  
By the ecstatic dreamer stands,  
Gives a scroll into his hands,  
Reads he on its shining bands  
    IMMORTALITY !

Up the starry, trackless height,  
Vanished then the vision bright,  
'Mid a gleam of fading light  
    From the soldier's view ;  
And a burning ardor came  
O'er his spirit like a flame,  
Till he longed with noble aim  
    Then to dare and do.

Morning came with battle-peal,  
Trumpet sounds and clanging steel,  
Shouting hosts with thundering heel  
    Hastening to the fray.  
Fiercely raged the contest there,  
Hurtling death-bolts filled the air,  
Bleeding corpses everywhere,  
    On the stained sod lay.

With the advent of the night  
Ceased the conflict—won the fight,  
Won for freedom—won for right,  
    Won for truth and God ;  
And the prophecy foretold  
By the vision did unfold,  
As that soldier, pale and cold,  
    Pressed the reeking sod.

*S. Mansfield.*

## Whatever the Mission of Life May Be.

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Whatever the mission of life may be,  
Let love keep true, and let thought keep free,  
And never, whatever may cause the plan,  
Enlarge the calling to lessen the man.

    The cut of a coat,  
    Cant chatter'd by rote,  
A priestly or princely state remote  
    From the ties that bind  
    A man to mankind,

Are a clog and a curse to spirit and mind ;  
For God, who made us, made only a man,  
No arms of a snob, no shield of a clan.  
Far better a friend that is friendly to God,  
Than a sycophant kissing a ribbon or rod.

Help on no ways nor words that extol  
The vise of a bias that binds the soul ;  
No rank held up by holding down  
True worth as an underling stript of his crown ;  
    No cause with a lie  
    For a party-cry  
To catch the low or to court the high ;  
    No life with a creed  
    That ends all the need  
Of knowing or growing in thought or deed.

Weigh well their worth ; true dawnings of light  
Can abide your waiting and grow more bright.  
Weigh not, you prove the thought I am on :  
Your soul is a slave and your manhood gone.

*Geo. L. Raymond.*

My Message.

White dove, to the northward flying,  
Wilt bear a message for me ?  
Soft breeze, round my casement sighing,  
Shall I say the words to thee?

White dove, and, soft breeze, flying  
To the land where wild streams run,  
This message my soul keeps sighing :  
“ I love thee, my dearest one.”

*Frederic Allison Tupper.*

Resignation.

'Twas years ago in summer time,  
My darling slept under a tree ;  
The sun-beams crept between the leaves  
Kissing softly mine own for me.

A thief I knelt and cut a curl,  
A curl of truest golden hair ;  
I trembled lest my darling wake,  
I took the gold, and left her there.

In case of pearl deep from the sea  
I hid my precious shining curl,  
Loving my sweet one every day—  
My one wee pretty baby girl.

In happy years the yellow curls  
Toned a tawny living brown ;  
My darling loved ! the truth I felt,  
She owned it with her lashes down.

My one ewe lamb a woman grown  
The cruel truth I could not own,  
How could she give away the love,  
The love that had been mine alone ?

Trembling I cut from her dear head  
A ringlet warm 'neath bridal veil,  
I held her in my jealous arms,  
And heard with tears my poor heart wail.

My darling, though my darling still,  
Another's was from this hard day ;  
Her little curls were all I had,  
They told me she had gone away.

And so I laid them side by side,  
Both dear—the golden and the brown—  
Together in the box of pearl  
And pressed with pain the cover down.

*Mary Stewart Daggett.*

On Receiving a Violet from the Grave of  
Thoreau.

'Tis meet that he who loved all wild flowers well,  
Should sleep beneath this canopy of blue  
And purple violets, impearled with dew,  
'Midst lowly grasses of secluded dell.  
He nature loved in all her varying moods,  
Of summer loveliness, or autumn grace,  
The joy of spring, or winter's crystal trace  
On lake and stream : in forest solitudes,  
By Walden pond, or winding Merrimac ;  
The growth of tree or plant, his calendar  
Of days ; by night the mystic, magnet star  
His guide and friend : alone, nor knew the lack  
Of common friendship—earth, and sky and sea,  
Were unto him diviner ministry.

*Isadore Baker.*



Regret.

I thought I did not care till you had gone,  
And I heard the wind grieving thro' the leaves,  
And the sad rhythm of the soft rain-drops,  
As they dripped, dripped, |dripped, from the time-worn  
eaves.

The while I danced with tireless feet, and light,  
You held no place within my care-free mind ;  
Nor when, upon my dappled mare, I raced,  
Flushed, triumphant, buoyant, with the wind.

For then, my very soul was full of life,  
That throbbed, and pulsed, and raced my being through ;  
And I was all-sufficient to myself,  
And gave no lightest thought, nor care, to you.

But when I crossed a field one winter's day,  
And heard a little brook go, singing, by,  
When a pale, wet crocus-bloom looked up at me—  
Some vague remembrance moved my heart to sigh.

And when I heard the restless, wind-vest leaves,  
And the soft rhythm of the winter rain,  
Through all my being thrills the vain desire  
That I might have you here with me again.

*Ella Higginson.*

## This Old House.

This is the house where first we met,  
This house they're tearing down,  
Her first bright smile I can't forget,  
Nor yet the dainty gown  
Which then she wore ; those happy days  
Are woven closely in my heart,  
To-day I stand with tearful gaze  
And watch this old house torn apart.

I loved it well,—in long-gone time  
Was raised some rich man's voice,  
And straightway walls began to climb,  
And carvings, graceful, choice,  
Were set in snowy whiteness 'round  
Where fires were soon to burn,  
The best of all that could be found  
Was met at every turn.

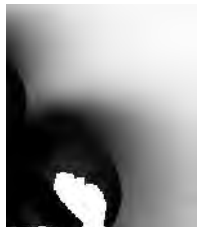
Then here he brought a blushing bride  
To grace his mansion fine,  
In both he took a wondrous pride,  
He made the house a shrine  
For all the gems that wealth could buy,  
For all that love could gain,  
Though man *may* love, yet man *must* die,  
He could not long remain.

In time the house from hand to hand,  
In changing state was passed,  
And many of its carvings grand  
Remained until the last ;  
Each comer loved their dainty grace,  
And gave them loving care,  
No hand e'er ventured to deface  
The frail, pure beauty there.

The last fair tenant,—well, we met,  
We loved,—I'll own it now,  
This room by havoc sore upset  
Is where we pledged our vow ;  
The workmen tread across the floor,  
They know not 'tis a shrine  
Where precious gems were kept of yore,  
'Tis not for them, 'tis mine !

I note each touch of ruin wrought,  
I deem it sacrilege  
To e'er destroy, as hands have sought,  
The scene of our past pledge ;  
Old house, I love thee for thyself,  
And, had I many a crown,  
No selfish thought, no dream of pelf,  
Would let me tear thee down.

*L. F. S. Barnard.*



## The Ice Palace.

(ST. PAUL.)

O Winter Palace, fashioned faultless, fair  
    In grace of form, as architect may dream ;  
    The gift of cloud, of fount and fettered stream  
Reflecting myriad tints of earth and air,  
When sunbeams glow athwart thy chrystal walls,  
    Or light electric holds with ardent ray  
    Some kindred essence of the primal day ;  
Or when the moon in silver radiance falls  
Like mystic spell o'er feudal castle old  
    When, revel past, alone, in dim outline,  
    Thy towers, flags and battlement design  
Loom high in midnight firmament of cold,  
Save where swift flashes of auroral light  
Gild with intenser flame the Northern night.

*Isadore Baker.*

October.

Came a wild queen up the glens, whence the summer had  
fled—

Beautiful, wonder-eyed, strong-hearted, glowing October !  
Brightly with colors of flame was her vesture bespread ;  
All the rich spoils of the year had been gathered to robe  
her.

Life in her cheek flushed and throbbed, burning fitfully clear ;  
Life in her eyes lit their depths with a passionate splendor,  
Forth she came singing, with voice full of mystical cheer ;  
For she came singing a bride-song, exultant and tender.

“Lustrous October,” I said, “if thou com'st as a bride,  
Yet if thou com'st as a queen, sure thy bridegroom is  
royal.”

“Great is the monarch,” she said, “who shall stand at my  
side ;  
None is so fair in mine eyes—none so steadfast and loyal.”

“Who is thy king and thy bridegroom, fair queen of the  
year ?

Beautiful, wonder-eyed, strong-hearted, golden October !”  
“Death is my bridegroom,” she said, “and his bride is so  
dear,  
All the rich spoils of the summer are gathered to robe her.



"Death is my bridegroom," she said, "and his grace shall  
be mine,

See'st thou my vesture of flame ? It is donned for his glory !  
Gentle the touch of his hand, and his eyes are divine ;  
Only his nearest can list to his marvelous story.

"Forth he will lead me, to lands beyond shadow and strife ;  
Bright are the halls of his palace, though dark be its portal,  
There he is known not as *Death*, but his name is called *Life* ;  
Life shall be mine—and through me is the year made im-  
mortal !"

*Marion Couthouy Smith.*

### The Morning of the Year.

Swiftly the white snow yields its place  
To the upward leap of the sun !  
Now the young trees sway with quickening grace,  
And the leaflets open one by one,  
And the blossom lifts its lovely face,  
And spring is hastening on apace,  
'Neath the downward glance of the sun !  
*Adelaide Cilley Waldron.*

For an Album.

The maple buds begin to glow once more,  
The crocus and the snow-drop are in bloom ;  
Warm breezes play about my open door,  
And birds sweet music send unto my room.

As from the snowy storms of winter cold  
God brings the beauty of the genial springs,  
So from the storms of life will He unfold  
The loveliness that decks eternal things.  
*Frederic Allison Tupper.*



### Ah, Rose so Sweet !

Ah, Rose so sweet ! the sweetest of all flowers ;  
No sister hast thou to compare with thee ;  
Rich, poor, and wise and simple, watch to see  
Thy early bloom, thou queen of summer bowers !  
“Hush !” spake a pleading voice, “no blossom towers  
Supreme o’er all her sisters of the lea ;  
Associate are flowers by you and me  
With Time and Place,—from these derive their powers.

The yellow Broom that decks my native shore  
And fragrant Heather on the mountain’s brow,  
Forever must my truest favorites stand ;  
To me they’re linked with all poetic lore,  
And memory dwells with pride upon them now,—  
Loved emblems of a wild, romantic land !”

*Gowan Lea.*



Across the Way.

If one should come to me and say,  
"She waits, thy love, across the way,"  
    Forgetful then of all,  
I should not wait till work was done,  
Till twilight cool, or setting sun,  
    Or e'en to hear thy call ;  
But with great speed my hurrying feet  
Would rush unto thy known retreat,  
    Unheeding all delay ;—  
To see thee once again, once more  
To clasp thee close as long before,  
    I'd speed across the way.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

They came to me this morn to say,  
"She waits, thy love, across the way,"—  
    But Death stands there between,  
I try to look across the space,  
I can but see Death's pallid face,  
    And pangs that intervene.  
I love thee more than e'er before,  
With grieving sad my heart is sore,  
    Yet linger I to-day,  
Thou art with me in all my dreams,  
I love thee, yet to me it seems  
    So far across the way.

*L. F. S. Barnard.*

### Which ?

Red, wet lips and passionate eyes  
That would draw an angel down from the skies ;  
Or those that would lift us up—they're so true—  
Now which would you choose, if I were you ?

Tender eyes and a clinging hand,  
And a soul that one never can understand ;  
Or passionate eyes and red-gold hair,—  
I know not which to choose, I swear.

When my blood is calm, and my senses cool,  
I vow to myself that I am a fool  
To yearn for those scarlet lips ; and yet—  
The pleasure they yield I cannot forget.

When my blood is calm and my pulse beats slow,  
I swear that never again will I go  
Where those burning eyes and those bare, soft arms  
Wait to allure me with their charms.

And I reach for a hand that is cool and pale—  
The hand that was never known to fail ;  
And I gently clasp, and ardently kiss  
The one who was meant for higher bliss.

But, when my blood leaps like living flame,  
With the passion and madness that have no name,  
When my being seems like a sea of fire,  
That rises and surges higher and higher,

My whole soul turns to those passionate eyes,  
For I know in them only temptation lies ;  
I fling myself into that mad caress,  
And know nothing else—and care still less.

*Ella Higginson.*



Joy.

Throughout the starlit night and gladsome day,  
And hours when clouds with sullen mystery  
Made strange and sombre both the land and sea,  
I steadfastly pursued my toilsome way  
However I was daunted by dismay,  
Or fought with fear that I should fail to see  
The figure fair of joy awaiting me—  
So angry might she be at my delay ;  
But when discouragement's capricious touch  
Most heavy lay upon my anxious heart,  
A heaven of sunshine smiled on sea and land,  
And she I sought gave to my palm her hand :  
That moment knew my soul pain's keenest dart ;  
Alas ! may I have triumphed overmuch ?

*Adelaide Cilley Waldron.*

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### On the Upper Deck.

Vapory blue above,  
Delicious blue below ;  
Witching blue eyes that love  
To make men blue I know.

Uncertain blue above,  
Treacherous blue below ;  
Cruel blue eyes I love  
E'en though they hurt me so.

*Mary Stewart Daggett.*



To Nature.

Nature, I would be thy child,  
    Sit and worship at thy feet ;  
Read the truth upon thy face,  
    Wait upon thine accent sweet ;  
I would put my hand in thine,  
    Bow my head upon thy knee,  
Live upon thy love alone,  
    Fearless, trusting all to thee.

*Gowan Lea.*

### Renunciation.

Fain would I live where babbling brooks  
Run in and out through quiet nooks,  
    In some sequestered spot.  
There where a calm, unbroken peace  
Brings to the mind a sweet surcease,  
    I'd for the world care naught.

Would I not have the sunshine there,  
And all the flowers rich and rare  
    That nature scatters free?  
Would not the night wind, sadly sweet,  
Come to me in my lone retreat  
    And sing its lullaby?

Would not the thoughts that oft arise  
And seem to struggle toward the skies,  
    There find expression free?  
The thoughts so great they baffle speech!  
Yet even in their muteness teach  
    Man's immortality.

And though the world be lost to me,  
'Twere better. 'Tis all vanity  
    And trial to the soul.  
We live and labor, wish and wait,  
For good that comes too often late,—  
    When we have reached the goal.



Ah, yes, in solitude I'd pass  
The few remaining days, alas,  
    That I might call my own ;  
Nor let my mind in sad review  
Rest on the years in pain passed through,  
    The years with error sown.

Thus be my lot. I'd have it so ;  
For any laurels here below  
    That we may chance to gain,  
Too oft are mixed with keenest thorns  
That wound the head the crown adorns,  
    And turn the joy to pain.

The smile of Fortune hides the frown  
She wears when she bestows the crown  
    Upon the man of fate,  
And it ne'er enters his vain head  
That Envy tracks with tireless tread  
    The footsteps of the great.

*Frank Hall.*



### An Early Dandelion.

Up springing from the chilly mold,  
Dear Dandelion, opening gold,  
What makes you, pray, so bravely bold ?

Art not in fear, again the snow  
Will come and lay thy beauty low,  
And count as naught thy blooming so ?

Brave must you be, with ample faith  
In what the Spring-God promiseth,  
E'en doubting not one word he saith,

Concerning early warmth and rain,  
Oh, bless you, flower, and once again—  
May your good faith be not in vain,

And may you live for many a day,  
Until your head is old and gray,  
Faith's symbol to the lonely way.

*C. G. Blanden.*



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## Our Day at Pisa.

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We took the train at Florence, we,—

The day was warm and pleasant.

The town of Pisa would we see.

No time was like the present.

Anon we climb'd the Leaning Tower,

Dropt something down, and sat an hour ;

And then the grand Baptistry door

Was swung for us ; and, o'er and o'er,

We made its domed rotunda roar,

To echo back our joking.

We set our pockets jingling, we,

To make our guide a crony,

Saw the Cathedral, paid a fee,

And ate some macaroni,

Then feasted on an outside view

Of all three buildings, still so new ;

Then bought, in alabaster wrought,

Some models of them ; then we sought

The Campo Santo, where we thought

About the dead, while smoking.

We took the train at sunset, we,

And while we left the station,

Extoll'd the land, “ How much to see !

How grand this Roman nation !

Our own, how mean !—no works of art !”

We meant to sigh, but stopt to start

And cry, “ How home-like !” o'er and o'er.—

What thrill'd us so ?—alas, it bore

No hint from art ; we heard once more

A frog, near by us, croaking.

*Geo. L. Raymond.*

## The Lover's Kiss.—A Song.

Air—"Fairy Footsteps Gently Falling."

Nights of love, when thou art with me,  
Shall forever be my own,  
For the holiest thought within me,  
Bids me live for thee alone.  
May thy heart be faithless never,  
Let each bitter pang be o'er,  
May thy bright smile find me ever  
Loving better than before.

Pillowed on thy breast, so ever  
Let me close my eyes in sleep,  
For no mortal power can sever  
Such a love so full and deep.  
By the leaves above me dancing  
I will keep thee from all harm;  
And I hear thy voice entrancing,  
Resting in thy loving arm.

Buried 'neath my love's caresses,  
So forever let me lie;  
Shaded by her flowing tresses,  
Let the happy hours roll by.  
As her heart, so softly beating,  
Whispers to my soul of bliss,  
So our lips, as gently meeting,  
Drink again the lover's kiss.

*J. R. Meade.*

### The Sweetbrier Rose.

When the June came, warm and tender,  
With its mystic, matchless splendor,  
And the lilies, tall and slender,  
    Deigned their whiteness to disclose,  
Then, 'neath richest fragrance bending,  
With the brighter flowerets blending  
Like a spirit, upward tending,  
    Came the first Sweetbrier Rose.

It was morning when I found it,  
And about it, and around it,  
Were the dewdrops which had crowned it  
    Like a diadem of pearls :  
And I plucked it as a treasure  
That might swell my joy's full measure,  
And I twined it with rare pleasure  
    In my darling's dusky curls.

" 'Tis a pledge," I murmured, " Dearest,  
Of love, purest and sincerest,  
Shifting holiest and clearest  
    In life's darkest night of storms."  
And she bowed her head in token  
Of assent to all thus spoken,  
And the silence was unbroken  
    As I clasped her in my arms.

In a garden we were straying—  
Like too careless children, Maying,  
Heedlessly and idly saying  
    Whate'er trivial thing we chose  
On that happy Summer morning,  
Bright with flowers and their adorning—  
But, alas, I saw no warning  
    In that pale Sweetbrier Rose.

Years have passed. The troth thus plighted,  
Like that rose, lies dead and blighted,  
Like my hope, forlorn, benighted,  
    'Reft of joy and glow and light.  
Yet, whene'er the June is shining,  
And glad lovers' hands are twining  
Flowers for their dear ones, I'm pining  
    For my heart's queen true and bright.

For, alas, my love is sleeping  
Where the arborvitæ creeping,  
And the lonely willows, weeping,  
    Lull her to a deep repose ;  
And, above her rest is growing,  
With its pale, ethereal glowing,  
And its perfume, ever blowing,  
    The fair, frail, Sweetbrier Rose.

*Angela.*

•

Night-beams.

The night has passed the full ; blessed earth with sleep  
And healed with darkness every wound of day  
Without a scar : her life-breath stirs the leaves  
Thro' which the bright stars beam and scintillate  
In ever-widening prism of changing ray ;  
And soothes my sick spirit, strengthens my tired heart,  
Quickens the dull pulse of my love of life,  
Yields soul and sense a thousand varied voices,  
Each a triumphant harmony in itself.  
O, calmest comforter ! whose open ear  
Listens, unwearying, to every tale  
That sympathy-seeking human souls may speak.  
Sweet sympathy ! Could ever rhyme be wrought  
To meed thee praise that would be compliment ?

Soft breathes the night and gentler flow my thoughts :  
Bitterness, passion and fool-hardy scorn,  
Like conscious infamy, hide their naked shame  
From the blind spirit whom men name The Night ;  
Truth, cheer and tenderness raise drooping heads  
And bloom to perseverance and protect ;  
Pure thought and high philosophy join hands  
And hail my brain as company and field.

Now the bright darkness breaks to brighter day !  
Stars thin and pale ; the old moon's hollow horn  
Faints in the heaven that soon will know the sun ;  
The night is gone ! and I arise refreshed  
Into puissance to have at the foe  
That dogs my heels, wrests at my life, my love,  
And holds my hands from doing chosen work  
Of holiness and help to great designs.

Pure in the virgin forehead of the dawn  
The morning star, fair hope, shines gloriously,  
To mind me of the fair and fond reward  
That, sometime, comes for any work well won  
To full completion, by the happy toil  
That makes hearts large and leal, and brings the soul  
Close to the God whose image is its mould.

*Lily R. Jacobs.*

Idolatry.


"None other Gods but me." Unheeded lies  
The mandate stern on hearts whose altar-fires  
Are fed by Passion's quenchless, fierce desires,  
And love, the High-priest offers sacrifice.  
When clamorous tongues the Sabbath stillness stir,  
Up to the temple eagerly I go ;  
While others bow in adoration low  
To Heaven's King, I worship only her,  
Heart of my heart, my life, my light, my sun.  
Her voice an ave sweet beyond compare,  
Her beauty subtle incense, rich and rare,  
Her glance a prayer, her smile a benison.  
Heart, brain and soul enthralled, I bow, adore ;  
And prostrate at her feet would rise no more.

*S. Mansfield.*



### The Things that have Been.

'Tis an old-looking package and faded its string,  
But it tells of the things that have been.  
My life-story of cares and the joys, which took wing,  
Has been carefully treasured herein.  
Here are letters, and papers, and faces I loved.  
(I will look them all over to-day.)  
As each one, in its turn, a misery proved,  
It was silently hidden away.  
'Tis not often I open this package so old—  
Not without an addition to make ;  
And as letters and papers, I slowly unfold,  
In my soul what sad memories wake !  
Here are letters from foes. Here are letters from friends.  
Here, a ringlet of sunny-brown hair ;  
How it clings, in its beauty, to my finger ends  
As did she, who once had it to wear !  
A lock, threaded with silver, lies close by its side.  
My brother's gold pen, too, is here,  
Sister, mother and brother in heaven abide—  
Have been there, oh ! this many a year !  
Ah ! a sweet boyish face ! and he promised to love  
Until death, in the end, should us part ;  
When, renewed in the realms of the angels above,  
He would clasp me again to his heart !  
Like the rest, it is only a thing of the past.  
Alas ! here is the picture of one,  
Whom I loved, from her babyhood up to the last,  
As the nearest of kin might have done.



But temptation came nigh, and my innocent friend,  
By a tragedy, ended her life.  
With a shudder I think of her terrible end.  
Here's the ring that once made me a wife,  
Now too small for the finger that wore it with pride  
Through the few happy years which have flown.  
O, my darling, on earth, I have walked by your side—  
I will claim you in Heaven, my own !  
Here's the face of another, who sickened and died  
Through a love that was never returned.  
Here are errors of heart ; here are errors of pride,  
Teaching lessons which sadly were learned.  
Here are fault-finding letters, I care not to read.  
An encouraging line from a friend—  
One, who many times proved his true friendship by deed.  
Peace, my soul, I am nearing the end !  
Ah ! soft circlet of hair how my tears thickly fall,  
While, in anguish, I kiss each bright thread !  
O, what mother feels not she has buried her all  
With the baby, cold, silent and dead ;  
As I hold to my heart, this dear circlet of gold  
I remember how often I pressed  
The sweet child, that my arms never more will enfold—  
I have put it away with the rest.  
I will smile again soon and the world will not know  
How completely my soul is bereft—  
How I pondered in tears, but a moment ago,  
O'er my package—the all I have left.

*Bella French Swisher.*


## When the Circus Comes to Town.

If ye want to see a lot of fun, an' hav' a time, as well,  
Ye wants to see our village when the circus stays a spell,—  
For all the gals turn out in force,—fact every one is thar,—  
The gals all dressed in Sunday best, are lookin' pert an' fair;  
The boys turn out to meet 'em so's to help 'em hav' their  
fun,

An' beaux 'em to the crowded tent, an' everything is done  
To make 'em hav' a happy day, an' then the money goes  
Much faster than they made it a' pickin' early rose.  
Some folks may talk about the sin of goin' to a show,  
But when they gets a free pass in they're putty sure to go;  
An', too, the little fellows, they all do the day up brown,  
For, ye see, it isn't every day the circus comes to town.

They pitch a tent so awful big it holds the whole of us,  
With those from other villages, to jine in with the rush;  
An' all the folks they push, an' tramp upon a feller's toes,  
While every one is talkin' with some folks he never knows.  
But when we all hav' got a seat, or got a standin' place,  
The clown is shoved into the ring, an' then his painted face,  
It makes us laff an' hold our sides, as like as we would split,  
Until a gal jumps on a horse,—the clown says, "Let 'er rip!"  
So 'roun' an' 'roun' the ring they go,—it seems to us they  
fly,—

But she stands up, an' dances 'roun', an' jumps, an' skips so  
spry,



It makes the gals feel skittish, so they turn to watch the clown,  
But they all are there to see it when the circus comes to town.

I'm anything now but a boy, but once I us't to go  
'Long with the other fellers to steal into the show;  
Ye see, but few could get the cash to pay his way right in,  
An' then to slip beneath the tent we never thought a sin,—  
An' once, I know, the circus came before the schools had quit,—

I guess, then, every feller bunked,—we didn't go a bit,  
But stood aroun' with open mouth to read the bills agen,—  
I swar that we would jine a show when we got to be men.  
Those days hav' gone an' left me ole, but still I likes to know,

That all the boys enjoy themselves the day we hav' a show,—  
An' tho' my hair is thin an' white I feels like jumpin' down  
An' jining with the fellers when the circus comes to town.

*John Richard Meader.*

Love Questioneth.

Why lingerest thou about this weary world,  
O soul so late released from pain and care ?  
Why rest thy new-found pinions closely furled,  
While all around thee frets the buoyant air,  
And heaven awaits thy fitting presence there ?

## LOVE MAKETH ANSWER.

Hast thou to learn the secret of my stay,  
Whom with my mortal lips I called my own !  
For thee, beloved, is my long delay,  
And that my heart so fast to thine had grown,  
I may not enter Paradise alone.

*A. C. Waldron.*

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ines on Pressing a Flower in a Book of  
Poems.

What fitter place than this, I pray,  
A dew-bespangled flow'r to lay ?  
The Poet's soul, a spark divine,  
Here breathes and blooms in every line ;  
The lordly thought here, opening, glows  
With all the splendor of the rose,  
Exhales its fragrance to the years,  
In warmth and beauty, laughter, tears.

*Charles G. Blanden.*

## What Would I Give.

Written on a Sunday in Germany.

There, where the flowers more fragrant lie,  
Crushed by the crowds that have pass'd them by,  
Stands a chapel ; and oft from its door  
Hymns of the lowly worshipers pour,  
    Crush'd like the flowers, I trow.  
O little Church, but what would I give,  
What would I give, and how would I live,  
    To know as thy sweet souls know !

There on the knoll, where the great trees sway  
Swept by the wind they have fail'd to stay,  
Bend great crowds, while organ and bell  
Hail God's Host that has deign'd to dwell  
    Shrined in their church below.  
O great church, but what would I give,  
What would I give, and how would I live,  
    To know as thy hush'd throngs know !

There on the cliff that chancels the park,  
Nigh to the cloud where is trilling the lark,  
Men and maidens dance to the lay  
Blown by the blasts of the trumpeters gay,  
    Fluttering to and fro.  
O gay cliff, but what would I give,  
What would I give, and how would I live,  
    To know as thy light hearts know !

There, where the sun burns all the view,  
What sounds there in the boundless blue?  
Faith—is it more than a sweet despair!  
Truth—than one's own note echoed in air?

Hope—than his dawn's bright dew?  
O hush'd Heaven, but what would I give,  
How would I love, and how would I live,  
To know that the soul spoke true!

*Geo. L. Raymond.*



Certainty.

They knew not what they missed,  
And scarce could tell  
Why 'twas not heaven,  
Instead of hell.  
And yet both felt the sad hard way  
That opened out before them,  
Longer, rougher, steeper every day.

*Mary Stewart Daggett.*

Courage.

Has some strange miracle been wrought in him !  
He knew the quiet beauty of the night,  
But as a shelter for his grewsome plight,  
From which he crept—when morning stars were dim,  
And far to eastward rose a golden rim  
Whose radiant sphere should crown the day with light—  
To seek half-hearted for some giant to smite,  
While yet his eye through thick obscuring film  
Saw dully, as men see in dreams : But lo !  
He spurns the clod with bold elastic tread,  
And broadly breasts the mighty winds that blow,  
And toward high heaven his glances keen are sped,  
And helpful is his hand to all below,  
Since he and courage were divinely wed.

*A. C. Waldron.*

### The Angel's Gift.

'Twas that sweet hour when rosy Day  
Dies in the arms of Even,  
An angel came from lands away,  
And unto us was given,

A blossom from the shining lea  
Where crystal streams are leaping ;  
A jewel from God's treasury,  
Entrusted to our keeping.

A gift from Heaven's altar-shrine,  
Of beauty half supernal ;  
A coin that bears the royal sign,  
And impress of the Eternal.

A spray from Heaven's ambrosial tree,  
A pearl from Life's pure river ;  
A germ of immortality,  
Enduring as the Giver.

An earnest of God's tender care,  
His love-pledge to us given ;  
A keepsake from the angels rare,  
A souvenir of Heaven.

*S. Mansfield.*

## My Angel Love.

### A SONG.

My Love is fair,—the summer's sky  
Is naught to her,—but few  
Can ever see my Love, for I  
Am silent as to who  
She is, and—where is her abode ?  
An angel's, nothing less !  
For me, one day to earth she rode ;  
What is her name ? Why, guess !

### CHORUS.

My Love is fair ! my Love is true !  
Come ! Guess who she may be !  
With all her soul she loves, as few  
Can love,—and all for me.

Her dark hair as a halo seems,  
And oftentimes I dread,  
To love her in the land of dreams  
From which she earthward sped ;  
And, as she passed the planet's flame,  
Each star-beam sought to bless,—  
Her eye had told them whence she came.  
What is her name ? Why, guess !

She holds my heart in close embrace,  
She giveth in return,  
The sweet smiles from a merry face,  
A love that naught can turn.  
I know from more than mortal land  
Hath come this fond caress,—  
A token more by angels planned !  
What is her name ? Why, guess !

*John Richard Meader.*

Fragment.

I watch the birds that hop about my feet  
Across the lengthening shadows on the lawn,  
And see them perch upon the slender twigs,  
And lightly sway themselves from tree to tree,  
Then soar into the peaceful blue of heaven,  
And send to earth a perfect flood of song.

Oft will man envy these glad birds their wings,  
Forgetting his soul's pinions, that can take  
Him on from flower to flower and peak to peak  
And upward to that vast ethereal dome  
Beyond where bird can reach or wind may blow,  
And back and forth through all the centuries  
(From ages past to ages yet to be)  
Until, as free as lark in yon blue sky,  
He soars in the pure azure of his thought,  
And utters songs that lift the human world.

*Gowan Lea.*

### The Race.

“We'll run a race,” quoth Thought to Heart,  
    “To find a just decree  
If 'tis with you love makes his home,  
    Or, Kardia, dear with me.

“The goal, my sweet, shall be the mouth,  
    The eyes the signal give ;  
Sir Tongue shall then proclaim the seat  
    Where Love does really live.”

That moment passed Diana, fair ;  
    Thought leapt the journey o'er.  
Too late, too late ; the throbbing Heart  
    Was at the goal before.

*Chas. G. Blanden.*

### The Poet's Eye.

From waking earth to smiling sky  
The world is full of ministry  
Of seraphs of sweet sounds and sights  
And thoughts, that wake to wing the heights

That Fancy finds in every flower,  
Born in dark dell or tented bower.  
But Poesy loves best the child  
Of few and fell, with nature wild,

She holds, such close are to the First :  
When they are exiled, and immerst  
In soil and air of some strange clime,  
Their nature beauteous, a God's rhyme,

Is changed and narrowed ; the Sublime,  
From first to last, from bud to prime,  
Lives not in aught stunted or dwarf ;  
Unto Life's port and Being's wharf

God sends no such—only man's power  
Can know mistake ; his priceless dower  
Of reason leaves him free for ill  
As well as weal : his mighty will



May lead but down, the while some small  
Grass blade, deep shadowed by a wall,  
Knows naught but holiest and best.  
The Poet's eye, upon its quest

Of Beauty, sees and weeps for this,  
For the King's eye hath sent to his  
A beam of that instinct and fire  
Which builds soft peace a funeral pyre,

While spinning vistas fine and far  
Before the soul, whose polar star  
Is the Great Purpose of that King  
Whose love and light that soul would sing.

*Lily R. Jacobs.*

## New Year's Greeting to Rose.

The Year is born anew !  
Darling, I pray to you  
    It may bring all of joy it can bestow ;  
The Year that was is dead,  
Its pain and fear and dread,  
    Its trouble and unrest—let them all go.

Let but the good remain,  
The love that had no stain,  
    The purpose true, the motive pure and high ;  
These Memory joys to keep,  
These scorn Oblivion's sleep,  
    These only are the things that cannot die.

Beside the Future's gate,  
The New Year now doth wait,  
    Laden with promises both rich and rare :  
How fair she is to see !  
How blest it is to be  
    The object of her tender thought and care !

Love, if her pledge to you  
Be but made good and true,  
    I will not chide her, false to all beside :  
Be yours her brightest hours,  
Be yours her sweetest flowers,  
    Yours her chief blessings, whatsoe'er betide !

If I could make your Year  
All I would have it, dear,  
    As full of light and color and perfume,  
No smallest cloud should rise  
To shade the roseate skies,  
    No day should darken, no night set in gloom.

I know it may not be :  
I know for you and me  
    The Year holds many a sorrow, many a tear ;  
It does not seem so now,  
Its eye is clear, its brow  
    Is calm and white, and only peace is there.

But none upon Life's sea  
Sail always quietly ;  
    Wild billows fleck the bluest ocean's breast.  
The happiest fate is rife  
With care and fret and strife—  
    Only "beyond these voices" there is rest.

But, dearest, if the day  
But come when you shall say—  
    " Her love has been a refuge safe and sure."  
Then shall I be content,  
Account my life well spent,  
    And find a joy that must for aye endure.

This prayer alone I make,  
To live for Love's sweet sake  
    Through this New Year, and every year to come.  
Something to do each day,  
Some flower along Life's way  
    To foster, which for you may bud and bloom.



God keep my heart's bright Queen,  
The fairest ever seen,  
My dream of all most beautiful and good.  
Grant she may ever be  
All that she is to me—  
My perfect type of perfect womanhood !

*Angela.*

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1888.


## The Hymn that Bore Him Home.

“Take that preaching chap away now ; I don’t want to hear  
him tell  
Of the blessings of a heaven—of the torments of a hell ;  
He will brag of being perfect, or will bend o’er me, at least,  
And I’d rather die this moment than be bothered by a  
priest.”

He was dying in the prison, all alone, without a word  
From an anxious heart to tell him of the mercies of the  
Lord—  
So he lay and tossed in fever, longing for that soothing  
health  
To announce to him the presence of the eager angel—death.

Suddenly, up from the court-yard, rose the soft notes of a  
hymn,  
He had known it in his childhood, ere his heart was black  
with sin,  
And it touched him now as coming, as a message from the  
hand  
Of his mother, she had sung it in his distant native land.

He was dying now, a stranger and an outcast in his cell ;  
But this hymn, that seemed to reach him from those angel lips  
could tell  
Better than the best of preachers what he longed for—what  
he had  
When he knelt at night and morning by his mother’s side, a  
lad.



*Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high ;  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past,  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O, receive my soul at last.*

As he raised himself, with wonder peering out into the night,  
From the darkness all about him, suddenly there came a  
light,  
And he saw, beyond his bedside, all the scenes he loved so  
well  
In those far-off days, ere manhood had cast off the golden  
spell.

And his mother stood before him, as he saw her long ago,  
With her care-worn, wrinkled forehead, and her hair as white  
as snow,  
So he stretched his arms to greet her, when he woke, and was  
alone,  
But up from the prison court-yard, rose the soft, angelic tone,

*Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my restless soul on Thee :  
Leave, O leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me.  
All my trust in Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring ;  
Cover my defenseless head,  
With the shadow of Thy wing.*

When the prison keeper found him, he was kneeling on the  
floor,  
With his hands before him folded, but the pains of life were  
o'er;  
From the glory of forgiveness he had lost the look of sin,  
All because an unknown singer chanced to sing an evening  
hymn.

*John Richard Meader.*

## The Castle by the Sea.

From the German of Uhland.

Hast seen yon castle standing  
Beside the crystal sea,  
Around its tower commanding  
The white clouds wandering free :

Hast seen it downward bending  
To kiss the water clear,  
Its summit high ascending  
To touch the heavenly sphere ?

“ Ah, yes, I know its seeming—  
That castle by the sea—  
The moon above is gleaming,  
The mist about the lea.”

Did breeze and crested billow  
Sound loudly forth and long,  
And from the festive chambers  
Came there a mirthful song ?

“ The wind and e'en the ocean  
But uttered plaintive sighs,  
A wail of deep emotion  
Called tears into my eyes.”



O did'st thou see the waving  
Of the monarch's crimson gown,  
The precious jeweled setting  
Of the fair queen's golden crown ;

A maiden were they leading  
With rapture and with grace,  
Celestial glory beaming  
Upon her lovely face ?

“ The regal pair were sitting  
Without a chaplet rare,  
In mourning robes and fitting :  
The maiden was not there.”

*Gowan Lea.*

### Landscape Painting.

I'll put this landscape in my song :  
Here runs the rivulet along,  
A flowing path of silver hue.  
There stand the mountains looking blue  
Because it's cloudy weather. See  
Across yon field of gold the tree  
That writes a record of the years  
In his slow growth, and I have fears  
It goes against or through his grain.  
The hills roll o'er the bearded plain.  
There runs the fence up yonder hill—  
I mean to say, the fence stands still  
And runs all round the field. Yon lake  
Unruffled lies if it may take  
The photographs of winged clouds ;  
And all around its border crowds  
Of painted flowers stand and drink  
For days and nights and never think  
Of running o'er—into the lake ;  
And thus their thirst they ever slake.  
Yon green-clad hill looks woolly where  
A flock of sheep are taking care  
They do not starve. Yon brindle bull  
Gets up and dusts himself, and full  
He fills the place with bellowing  
About, I guess, most anything.

Yon dappled steed leaps o'er the fields  
By taking sev'ral leaps and yields  
The palm of speed to none, and shows  
In whose proud veins the race-blood flows.  
A blooming pathway, and I find  
A maiden in it makes me blind :  
The landscape fades away and, lo !  
The maiden's left is all I know !

*Lee Fairchild.*

## Thoughts.

I've seen a plant, that might have raised  
A form of grace, the world had praised,  
    Encumbered by some foreign thing,  
Until, in reaching for the light,  
Its shape became distorted, quite;  
    While meagre was its blossoming.  
I've seen a soul direct from God  
Encumbered thus, or downward trod  
    By heedless and unpitying feet,  
Until it, too, distorted grew,  
And very little beauty knew,  
    Before its ruin was complete.

Life is a dream ; our castles rise, at touch of hand,  
While we sit 'neath the sunny skies of Fairyland.  
Then, suddenly, the storm-king sweeps by us in wrath ;  
Our castles fall to ruined heaps, and block our path.

Our friends grow dearer as they outward drift  
From earth and us, toward the other shore ;  
As silently we see the misty curtain lift  
    Then fall to hide them from us evermore.  
For evermore, unless by faith we see  
That dying only sets the spirit free,  
And they are nearer than they were before.

There are times, in some lives, with the goal, full in sight,  
    When the traveler faints by the way.  
He has weathered the blast ; o'er the precipice passed,  
And endured the chill air of the night,  
    But to sink with exhaustion at day.  
Though the crown may be gleaming a step further on,  
It is lost, if the strength of the seeker is gone.

*Bella French Swisher.*

April.

What though the boldest god of all the year  
Pursued e'en hoary winter to the zone  
Of snows eternal, and the frozen throne,  
    Whose mysteries the bravest soul may fear !  
What though this drowsy bellying hemisphere,  
With thrill of latent life, awoke to own  
His strong supremacy when, loudly blown,  
    His signal trumpets sharply smote the ear !  
The warrior bears beneath his armor bright  
A heart that holds in honor love's delight,  
    And when through lane of green, and flower-starred field  
Fair April's shy and youthful grace draws near,  
    Unto her tender sway doth Martius yield,  
Rejoicing captive to a smile and tear.

*A. C. Waldron.*

### Foretokens.

Softly from out the bonds of sleep released  
At happy culmination of a dream,  
With the good omen of a golden stream  
Of sunshine through my lattice, flower-fleeced,  
While far faint bells from towers in the east  
Chimed cheerfully, and came a sudden gleam  
Of wings in spiral flight, I said, "Signs seem  
Foretelling me some joy ere day has ceased."

Amid the throng of pilgrims gay and grave  
Upon life's path, ere day was dusk I met  
One I had long loved silently, who gave  
A rose to me ; a little farther yet,  
One who had scorned me swiftly came to crave  
Forgiveness, and his eyes with tears were wet !  
*Frank D. Stickney.*

Poetry.

True poetry is but the rose  
That's painted by sweet Fancy's brush,  
As it adorns the branch of prose,  
And beautifies Thought's thorny bush.  
*Lee Fairchild.*

To Rev. S. W. P., on His Birthday,  
January 8, 1884.

'Tis thy birthday, I remember,  
May I make a wish for thee?  
May I sketch with friendship's pencil  
What I'd have thy New Year be?

'Tis not much the greatest painter  
May embody in his art;  
'Tis not much the noblest poet  
To his writing may impart.

Thought's sublime, ethereal color  
Language may not oft reflect  
In its clear and pristine beauty,  
Hence, dear friend, I do suspect

That these lines which I now offer  
In remembrance of this day  
Will, at last, contain but little  
Of the much I fain would say.

What a mystic halo lingers  
Round the dawn of the New Year!  
How replete it is with promise!  
How enchanting and how dear!



Ah, how gladly we relinquish  
The sweet days of the dead past !  
Grasping at this new-found treasure,  
Casting it aside at last.

Each year brings a higher purpose  
To the truly lofty soul ;  
Each year frees the heart more wholly  
From the vain world's dark control.

Each year beareth deeper, broader  
Possibility of good,  
And an avenue which leadeth  
More directly up to God.

Each year should vouchsafe a duty  
More exalted than the last,  
And a bliss more pure and holy  
Than the pleasures which are past.

Life should bring, as it advances,  
More of joy and less of pain ;  
More of sacrifice for others,  
Less of selfish, worldly gain.

More of high and brave achievement,  
Less of hate and pride and scorn ;  
More of spiritual attainment,  
Less of all that is earth-born.

May thy birthday, oft returning,  
Crown long years of noble toil :  
Mayest thou see above thee burning,  
In the midst of life's turmoil,



Hope's bright star, and may its splendor  
Fall forever o'er thy way :  
Such, dear friend, is the petition  
I would make for thee to-day.

May no sadness, no repining  
Cloud the dawn of thy New Year ;  
But may radiant glory beaming  
Dissipate all gloom and fear.

Sanguine, happy, pressing ever  
Towards the mark of thy high choice,  
Mayest thou hear at last the summons  
Of our dear Redeemer's voice.

May the crown which He shall give thee  
With resplendent gems be set,  
And the praise of ransomed spirits  
Make thy sacred coronet.

Until this shall come, the morning  
Of thy recompense and joy,  
Mayest thou find in lofty action  
Happiness without alloy.

May no shadow touch thy spirit :  
May thy heart from pain be free ;  
And may all things work together  
For the greatest good to thee.

*Angela.*

### Life and Death.

The roses of life that bloomed in her face  
Have faded away and left not a trace ;  
The lilies of death now bloom in their stead  
Whose petals make sweet the face of the dead.

The roses now bloom and gladden the grave  
Whose treasure to me my happiness gave ;  
And over her feet the lilies now bloom—  
A lily lies low asleep in the tomb !

*Lee Fairchild.*



## Christmas Carol.

Hark ! There is music all about !  
And the laurel-branches dark  
Shake their glossy leaflets out !  
And the cedar and the fir,  
The tasseled pine with coney burr,  
Bend to hear,  
Hear the carol faint and clea  
Floating near :

### CHORUS.

Merry Christmas ! Merry Christmas !  
Peace on earth, good-will to men !  
God and brother,  
Us He blesses  
Whom sweet mother  
New caresses !  
Christmas day hath come again !  
Merry Christmas ! Merry Christmas !

Lo ! As above Judea's plain,  
In the days of long ago,  
Angel voices chant the strain,  
" Unto us a child is born,  
To us a Son is given this morn !"  
Wake from sleep !  
Hear the chorus onward sweep,  
Full and deep.—CHO.

*S. A. Coxhead.*

A Fancy.

I asked her if I might — —  
A blushing cloud was driving towards the moon,  
“ Oh, no !” replied the maid, “ It is too light ;  
By if yon queen would veil her face (and soon  
She knew she would) and it were right,  
May—be—you—could !” Soon in its flight  
Over the moon’s pale face the thin cloud came  
As over hers a shadow, tinged with flame—  
Love’s fire—when with too swift delight,  
I bade her lips a hushed good-night !

*Lee Fairchild.*



## Poker Jack's Last Game.

Ye don't understand it, stranger,  
Why them aces should be thar  
On thet narrow bit of tombstone?  
Wal, I'll tell ye! Goin' far?  
Only down to Upton's Corner?  
Tryin' to jine ole Joe Banks?  
Guess I'll show ye whar his place is!  
Got a chew about ye? Thanks!

Now ye see thar are three aces  
Marked atop the poor chap's name,  
Jack Mahoney,—seemed a feller  
One 'uld like to know,—he came  
From the East to settle with us,  
So he went and staked his claim,  
Built his shanty the first mornin',  
'Fore we'd even 'art his name.


He was sorter quiet, sed nothin',  
But, I tell ye, he could play  
Poker with the quickest of us,—  
Why, I've seen him set all day  
Havin' jest the runs he wanted  
So's to make a winnin' hand!  
We had never caught him cheatin',  
But the pack did seem a-planned,

So as he could get the flushes,  
Jest in time to beat a straight,  
When, afore, it would 'a beat him,  
But it always came too late.  
Wal, we played the game one evenin',  
We had all been drinkin' some,  
More because we had been winnin',  
For the big hands had a run

Up our way,—the clock struck 'leven  
Jest as Harry held down pat  
To a king-full. Was he happy?  
Bet your boots thet he was thet !  
An' the dealer drew a card in,—  
Jack was dealin',—an' he stood,  
We all came in, an', I tell ye,  
Thet same pot did pile up good.

How the chips an' money rattled !  
It was music, too,—ye bet,—  
'Till we all were out but Harry  
An' Mahoney,—thar they set  
Playin' straight at one another,  
Until Harry made him call,  
When he bet a cool "one thousand,"  
For 'twas more than Poker's all.

' I've a king-full, an' thet beats ye,"  
Answered Harry, an' he took  
All the chips thet lay the nearest,  
But Jack stopped him with a look,—  
" Wait, three aces an' two ten spots  
Knocks yer full all out, ye see,  
'Thet ye've got to get up early  
If ye gets ahead of me."



Harry Sanford, he sed nothin',  
But he gave his chair a rap,  
Sent it spinnin' 'cross the bar-room,  
An', as sudden, with a snap,  
He had pulled his gun an' fired it  
At thet feller from the East,  
An' so stayed his interference  
For the present game at least.

The next day they sat on Poker,  
An' they gave with solemn face  
Thet his unexpected summons  
Had been caused by too much ace ;  
An', I tell ye, thet thar verdict  
Came quite nigh to bein' true :  
Poker Jack had three big aces,  
While the other chap had two.

Wal, I planted him on Sunday,  
An' I left it to the rest  
What they'd put upon his tombstone,  
An' they thought it would be best,  
Jest to paint thar them three aces,  
An' below 'em write his name,  
For thet tells who 'twas as left us,—  
Why it was he did the same.

*John Richard Meader.*





### A Silent Intruder.

With weary heart I leave the busy ways  
Of men and wander in the leafy wood—  
The dusky timbered fields of solitude—  
Whose paths are mantled with the mingled haze  
Of sun and shade ; where blend and float the lays  
Of many birds, each singing as it should,  
Its fragmentary song, half understood  
By him who fain would join their artless praise—  
For God loves wordless songs. But I refrain  
From mingling with their songs the notes of creeds  
(Coinage of brains estranged from heart and love)  
Lest Nature, frowning, bid me not again  
Intrude upon her fields where worship pleads  
Her cause in call of thrush and coo of dove !

*Lee Fairchild.*



## A Cloud Ship.

Vision of beauty, in the heavens bright,  
Crowned and gleaming with silvery light,  
Moving silently, gracefully on,  
Fair and dream-like as a snow-white swan  
Floating down on a smooth river's breast,  
Slowly drifting with the tide, at rest.

But ah ! is it that a fairy hand  
Passes o'er thee its magical wand ?  
E'en as I look so changed dost thou grow,  
That I think no more of the swan's fair glow,  
But a stately ship, o'er waters wide  
Silently gliding at even-tide.

With white sails spread to the fragrant breeze,  
Wafted gently o'er heaven's fair seas,  
Nestling afar in the sunlight sweet,  
Where heaven and earth together meet,  
Or riding high in the sky's bright glow,  
Onward, forever onward you go.

Oh ! beautiful vessel, tell me true  
Both of your cargo and of your crew.  
Art laden heavy with sighs and tears ?  
And manned by alternate hopes and fears ?  
Do fierce storms rage o'er your bright sea's breast ?  
Your passengers weary long for rest ?

Away from the azure depths above,  
A voice, tender as the tones of love,  
Soft and gentle in its accents low,  
As whispering winds at day's last glow,  
Floats down on the fading wings of eve,  
On an aching heart its impress to leave.

" Child of grief, to a realm I am bound  
Where sorrow and tears never are found,  
Where loved ones are torn no more away,  
And life is a golden summer day.  
Over my fair deck bright spirits soar,  
Yearning and sighing for rest nevermore.

" No fierce tempest mars our voyage so sweet ;  
No raging winds on the way we meet ;  
Away below us the lightnings flash,  
And we hear the sound of the storm's wild dash ;  
While calmly we ride o'er blue waters deep,  
O'er heaven's bright seas no storms ever sweep.

" Ever I carry the pure and the blest,  
Bound to a beautiful land of rest.  
When souls have done with the darkness of years,  
Done with struggles, and sorrow, and tears,  
I bear them softly from night away,  
Into the light of eternal day.

" In pity, now, my story I've told,  
Paused a sweet mystery to unfold ;  
And now I hasten my journey through.  
Onward I go ; adieu, friend, adieu.  
I float me down to the sunset's glow,  
Out into a world that knows no woe."

*Edna Earl.*

## A Winter's Night.


Down from the blue darkling,  
Through fleecy cloud-rifting,  
Down, dancing and sparkling,  
The moonbeams are sifting,  
O'er white fields below.  
O'er the bare inapple branches,  
Wee small avalanches  
Lie ready for shifting.  
And the fir-trees are lifting  
On broad arms their drifting  
Of feather-heaped snow.

Hark ! hear ye the sledges  
That swiftly are gliding  
Past fences and hedges  
Piled elf-banks are hiding  
With drapery pearled ?  
Far down in the dingle  
I hear the bells jingle ;  
And voices come sliding  
Of those that are riding,  
Their fleet coursers guiding  
Through Alp-crystal world.

*S. A. Coxhead.*

Mozart.

Ah, if I could but adequately write  
Of this great genius ! If I might but paint  
The nobleness and grandeur of his life,  
The ecstasy and passion of his love,  
The wild, enthusiastic fire which burned  
Within his heart, and all too soon consumed  
The tabernacle of his lofty soul,  
How pleasing were my task ! Alas, I feel  
How all impossible it is to reach  
Expression worthy of so high a theme.  
And yet, I would not therefore silent be.  
No, I would bring the simple, fragrant flowers  
Of admiration and sincere regard,  
And lay them reverently at his feet.  
So proud, so gifted, so unfortunate !  
Sad was his fate, and yet, 'twas not more sad  
Than that of many who, like him, essayed  
To gain the favor of a careless world.  
His destiny was common to the great.  
He toiled for glory, for renown, for power.  
The fickle goddess ever frowned on him :  
But genius triumphed, as it ever must.  
At last his rightful recognition came ;  
But he, alas, was drifting to that shore  
Where disappointment and unrest shall cease.



His soul was weary of the clashing sounds,  
The jars and discords of a noisy world.  
He pined for fairer scenes, for loftier heights  
From which to contemplate the Infinite.  
He longed for purer airs. He sighed to sweep  
The lengthened scale of some vast instrument  
Whose notes should glad his ear by giving back  
The harmonies his ravished spirit heard.  
Thus he departed, calmly, without fear.  
Well may we mourn his sad, untimely death !  
Well may we place on his immortal brow  
The laurel crown, assured that while men love  
All that is true and beautiful in Art,  
His name will burn in splendor clear and bright.

*Angela.*

### A Prudent Coward.

I am too frail a ship for such a sea  
As rolls its billows o'er the liquid waste,  
And stormy highway where the tempests haste  
And drown the thunders in their revelry !  
Though round the shore the deep brood tranquilly  
I will not venture forth where storms have raced  
And played with ships, as if they were but placed  
On sea as spoils of its tempestuous glee !

I rather linger near this tranquil beach,  
And have the braggart write upon my breast,  
" A coward never leaves his native strand,"  
Than wander forth where, sinking, I should teach  
My fathomed fate where hence a wreck should rest  
Unknown upon the deep's unsunned land !

*Lee Fairchild.*



To a Rosebud.

Droop thy sweet head, O, gentle rose, he said ;  
Fair, like my love, and fragrant, like her breath :  
Tender thou art, as was her tone, indeed,  
One blissful time I met her in the heath  
And stopped, and asked her that one question, born  
Of love and lovers, since the birth of Life  
That far, fair time, when the young son at morn  
Warmed Adam's heart to love-beats for his Eve.  
*Lily R. Jacobs.*



### Absent Friends.

In lonely hours I think of absent friends ;  
The firelight falls on treasured gifts that tell  
Of shores that gave us rosemary and shell,  
Or magic woods, where still Titania wends  
Her storied way ; a sombre fir-bough lends  
The room faint fragrance—and an unheard bell  
Of that spire 'neath the hills shall e'er excel  
The city's chimes.

This fancy makes amends

To me for your pure presence unrevealed,  
I share with you, and hundred fold doth grow  
Each least delight my slender annals yield ;  
Not unresponsive on my walks ye go,  
Where ploughs have deeply scarred the steaming field,  
Or towering pines are crested with fresh snow.

*Frank D. Stickney.*



### The Old Minstrel.

I am not what I was of yore,  
A heart all joy and thought so free,  
The hopes I dreamed, alas, no more  
Now follow me.

My spirit weak, the while it sings,  
Seems loaded down with leaden cares ;  
The harp, once glad, hath other strings  
And sadder airs.

The world—it seems a bauble now,  
The market-place for gold and fame :  
An empty thing—a vacant vow—  
A hollow name.

A réalm where once I Virtue saw,  
And thought all men her kinsmen were :  
Her creed, I find, is seldom law  
To worshiper.

Once, Honor throve ;—to me he seemed,  
As now, the king of all mankind ;  
But, looking back, I know I dreamed,  
And men are blind.

The cry is wealth—deceptive crest—  
Wealth is the echo and the all,  
The frenzy of each soulless breast,  
Its luckless pall.

What word or hand—what song or voice—  
Shall e'er redeem the stricken race?  
Deep in its blood it finds its choice—  
And its disgrace.

Old Carthage had a glory, born  
Of great commercial gain and strife;  
'Twas all she had, when it was shorn,  
It took her life.

And what she thought or where she stood,  
The world knows not—and it is best—  
One charm of Greece—perchance, a mood—  
Outlives her zest.

Outlives it! and our lesson speaks:  
'Twas beauty leaning from her car,  
At Carthage, dry, puff'd out her cheeks,  
And blew it far.

*Charles G. Blanden.*



## Cujus Animæ Propicietur Deus.

A quiet, old cathedral folds apart  
At Oxford, from the world of colleges  
A world of tombs, and shades them in its heart ;  
Contrasting with the busy knowledges  
This wisdom, that they all shall end in peace.—  
“Vex you not, slaves of truth ! there is release.”

There every window is a monument  
Emblazoned : every slab along the pave,  
Each effigy with knees devoutly bent,—  
Or prone, with folded gauntlets,—is a grave.  
Unnoticed down the sands of Kronos run :  
Slow move the sombre shadows with the sun.

Hard by a Norman shaft, along the floor  
A portraiture on ancient bronze designed  
In Academic hood and robe of yore,  
Commemorates some by-gone lord of mind.  
Mournful the face and dignified the head :  
A man who pondered much upon the dead.

Repose unbroken now his dust surrounds,  
He is with those whom mortals honor most.  
Respect and tender sighs and holy sounds  
Of choirs, and the presence of the Holy Ghost  
And fellow spirits and shadowy mem'ries dear  
Make for his rest a sacred atmosphere.


Sometime a gentle and profound Divine,  
Father revered of spiritual sons.  
He died. They laid him here. About his shrine,  
Of what they wrote this remnant legend runs :  
"Nascitur omnis homo peccato mortuus  
Una post cineres virtus vivere sola facit." \*

There as I breathed the lesson of the dead :  
Sudden the rich bells chorused overhead :  
"O be not of the throng ephemeral  
To whom to-day is fame, to-morrow fate,  
Proud of some robe no statelier than a pall,  
Mad for some wreath of cypress funeral—  
A phantom generation fatuate.  
Stand thou aside and stretch a hand to save,  
Virtue alone revives beyond the grave."

*W. D. Lighthall.*

\* Every man is born dead in sin, Virtue alone brings life eternal.

•



### The Sculptor.

The sculptor saw before his earnest gaze  
A form that earth had made supremely fair ;  
A gentle brow, half hid by locks of hair ;  
Eyes calm, yet changing in unwonted ways,  
And lips, thin-curved, beneath which lay a maze  
Of opal veins. The sculptor could but dare  
To trace the outer form that met him there ;  
Man's soul must see the beauty life displays.

As some worn keepsake, long before made dear,  
Brings back a flood of memories of old,  
So all these outer forms must come to hold  
Their worth for greater things they make appear ;  
This world is fair but while it can unfold  
Our hearts to nobler thought and living here.

*Chas. K. Bolton.*

### In the Moonlight.

Out in the moonlight, beautiful-bright,  
Wandered two hearts that were happy and light ;—  
A manly form with keen-dark eye ;  
Cheeks bronzed by sun of southern sky ;  
A laughing maiden, eyes of blue—  
Lips like roses wet with dew,  
Joyous maid, with shining hair,  
Might you ever be thus fair !

Onward they wandered 'neath moonbeams clear,  
Two blissful souls to each other so dear  
Down by the seaside, where sand so white  
Gleamed like snow, in the pale moonlight ;  
Breathing their vows to each other again ;  
He, pressing kisses soft as rain  
On her up-turned face radiant with love,  
While she dreams him true as heaven above.

Out in the moonlight, sad and lone,  
Listening to ocean's ceaseless moan,  
Wanders a woman, with sorrow grown old,  
And silvered the hair that once was gold.  
She never thought in years long past,  
But his love, so constant, would always last :  
Like woman, she trusted ; but man betrayed.  
Alas ! that our idols of clay are made !



Out in the moonlight, ghastly still,  
Gleaming so white, on a brown side hill  
Is a marble slab with moss o'ergrown ;  
For the form of her who wandered alone  
In the moonlight pale, so sad and drear,  
Rests evermore from Earth's weariness, here.  
Happy for her if while in sorrow she trod  
Life's inconstancies made her not false to God.

And happy be maiden, or mother and wife,  
Who out of this cruel world's discord and strife,  
And compassed by fire and passion of youth,  
Cling closely to God and the beauty of truth !  
And God help all maidens—this weary land through  
And strengthen, through years, eyes of brown or of blue,  
To live down all darkness and errors and slight,  
*And to see their way clear through His wonderful light !*  
*Minnie Fleeman Fowler.*



### My Ain Lassie.

I've a sonsie brown-eyed lassie,  
Sic anither ne'er was seen ;  
An' a witchin' winsome fairy  
Is my bonnie lassie Jean.  
Gang awa' wi' blue-bluid gentles,  
Gin ye've rank ; I dinna care ;  
Siller, gowd, an' empty titles,  
Winna wi' my Jean compare.

She's as pliant as the breckan  
Springin' up frae mossy braes ;  
An' her cheeks are twa twin gowans,  
In her een are troops o' fays.  
Syne her hauns are sma' an' shapely,  
Whyles sae snawie is her broo ;  
Brent an' braw is ilka haffet,  
Twa pink rose-leaves is her mou.

Oh, her sparklin' e'e sae wyles me  
That I wadna noo be free,  
Sae I tauld this genty lassie  
She haen stown my heart frae me.  
How my briskit thirled whyles speakin' ;  
Aft she laughed an' turned awa',  
But she maun hae meant it kindly,  
Sin' her tears began to fa'.



Her distress oppressed me sairly ;  
I could nae resist her charms,  
Sae I clasped my sonsie lassie  
O ! fu' closely in my arms.  
Syne I kissed her lips sae fondly,  
An' the tears frae out her een ;  
There was never sic anither  
As my ain sweet baby Jean.

*Frank P. Reno.*

Doubt Not.

Repel dark doubt,  
Dismiss dread care,  
Ah ! wherefore should we fear,  
When God is love,  
And merciful,  
And ever near ?

The humblest life  
That breathes on earth,  
Lives through His law divine ;  
Let us not dream  
His power can fail,  
His wise design.

No atom's lost,  
But ever change  
Has worked throughout all time ;  
No end there seems—  
Our brightest dreams  
And most sublime

Can not discern  
The Source of all,  
Nor grasp His mighty plan ;  
Each blade of grass  
Receives His care—  
Then, fear not, man !



No rankling doubt—  
The spirit life  
Will ever bloom in higher forms;  
So we may live  
With present faith,  
Above life's storms.

And hopeful hearts  
More hopeful grow,  
Though what shall be is dim;  
They look above,  
And see His love,  
And trust in Him.

*Gowan Lea*

### Life Out of Death.

Knee-deep along a leafless hedge  
    Fantastic snow-shapes lie ;  
Bleak winds come piping from the sedge,  
    And storm-tossed snowflakes hurtle by.

The stark, dry stems of wayside weeds  
    Are bending to their bed ;  
Weird voices haunt the slender reeds,  
    And Nature's heart seems cold and dead.

Knee-deep I stand amid the snows  
    And scan the dreary scene ;  
To outward sense no promise goes  
    Of leafage, bloom, or grasses green.

And yet, whatever change is felt,  
    I will not doubt ; I know  
Stern Winter's frozen heart shall melt,  
    And Spring's sweet violets shall blow.

Thence Wisdom reads the book of Fate ;  
    The spirit's subtlest breath  
Evolves from Nature's changeful state  
    The mystery of Life and Death.

*Frank P. Reno.*



Old.

Now bleak days rule, with hints of snow,  
And roses fall and chill winds blow.  
    The wooded paths are strewn with leaves :  
    The corn is huddled up in sheaves ;  
And all the birds do southward go.

Beside my fire, I watch the glow  
That flits on the walls and floor below ;  
    It seems to haunt these lengthened eves,  
    Now bleak days rule.

Dear faces rise I used to know,  
With eyes that laugh undimmed by woe ;—  
    O Time, forbear, thou worst of thieves :  
    They're gone ! I'm old, and Winter grieves  
Departed Springs and Summers low,  
    Now bleak days rule.

*C. G. Blanden.*



### John at Home.

“ Just poke that fire up—come wife,  
And set the kettle singin',  
While I get out of this new suit ;—  
'Beats all how time is wingin' !—  
Why, there's the cows that I must milk,  
And swine to feed, and Dandy  
Our trotter, to be cleaned ; O dear !  
But then a farm *is handy*.

“ I couldn't *live* shut up in town,  
'Twould give me quite the fidgets ;  
And starched-up shirts are 'nough to kill !  
My boots ! Why, these are Bridget's !  
I *don't* see why a man can't have,  
In his *own* house, a partin'  
For boots, an' shoes, an' coats, an' hats,  
Without *your* temper smartin' !

“ Seems, too, if I a woman was,  
I'd know a man was roomy  
In his ideas, an' *clear a spot*—  
Clothes hanging *don't look gloomy* ;  
If I should *die*—well, *then* they might,—  
(I see your chin's a-quiver)—  
Well, there ! I vum ! I *won't be cross*,—  
Just fry a piece of liver.



“ I’m hungry as a polar bear—  
Paid fifty cents for dinner ;  
But city fixin’s ain’t much ’count  
’Cept for a city sinner.  
This pop-a-cock, an’ deviled cheese,  
An’ giblets *a-la-mode*,  
Ain’t any strength for rugged folks  
Whose stomachs need a load.

“ That’s right—my trim, sweet, pretty wife,  
You set a table *shinin’* !  
An’ *don’t* think I am one bit cross  
Because I’m tired an’ whinin’ ;  
You’ve kept your mouth shut like a clam—  
(I oughter ha’ caught *two pealin’s* ;)  
What shame us men folks don’t have sense  
An’ know a wife has feelin’s !

“ This tea is ’bout as good as—slops !  
Why *can’t it be kept heatin’*,  
You’re quite enough to try a saint !  
By zounds ! There’s that school meetin’ !  
’Tis this an’ that—an’ here an’ there,  
From June until December ;  
I’m rushed to death outdoors an’ in,  
An’ can’t but *half* remember !

“ Just pass me them potatoes—quick !—  
You wimmen don’t know *nothin’*  
About the *ups* and *downs* of life—  
Wife, hand me now my stockin’,—  
I left it in my rubber boot  
*Right there !—close by the table !—*  
Things here enough are turned about  
To lay the Atlantic Cable !



“ Just light that lantern in a flash—  
Get down my coat—’tis pourin’ !  
An’ *all that hay down in the lot !*  
*My !* Ain’t the wind a *soarin’* ?  
I wish I hadn’t a single horse  
Or cow on this plantation !  
I’m mind to sell ’em all, an’ leave  
Straight off for Spanish Nation.

“ This doin’ business, too, in town,  
Is ’nough to make one crazy ;—  
But then, I know *Pat does* farm work  
That’s hardest, an’ I’m lazy.  
If I can’t earn a little share  
To keep ‘ the ball a rollin’ ;’  
I ’spose I can get ‘ *upland hay*’  
If Pat can do the ‘ polein’ .’ ”

“ Now, John,” the good wife softly says,  
Whilst on this big man waiting,  
“ I think you’ve spent full time enough  
On this and that berating.  
Just calm yourself and be at ease ;  
I do *my* share, I’m certain—  
And I have set this ‘ partin’ ’ off ;—  
Come—look behind the curtain !”

John raised the drapery fabric high  
And smiled a smile most willing ;  
“ I’ll bet I know what’s back of this,—  
I’ll bet this bran’ new shillin’ :”  
He placed the coin within her grasp  
And gazed on—his *clothes, handy* ;—  
Yes ; found them all—hats, caps and shoes,  
And socks, placed by Mirandy.



He found there overalls of blue,  
    Boot-jacks, suspenders—*mittens*—  
That, stored away on pegs and lines,  
    Seemed soft, and warm as kittens.  
John placed his lantern on the floor  
    And cried, "O *this* is 'dandy!'  
God make me pleasant when again  
    I come home to Mirandy!"

*Minnie Fleeman Fowler.*

### Euthanasia.

The day will come when I shall walk no more,  
In mortal guise, beneath yon sea of sky,  
Nor longer view, with shackled sense, the shore  
On whose dim cliffs Time's unveiled secrets lie.

Dear friends, with faces voicing their unrest,  
Sad, love-born tears for me some day may shed ;  
Warm hands will fold my cold hands on my breast,  
And tender words, mayhap, for me be said.

These window-orbs will lose their transient light,  
Thin-fingered Death will drop their curtains down ;  
These blood-flushed cheeks will strangely fade to white,  
And amaranth the marble brow will crown.

This throbbing heart will some day cease to beat,  
Its crimson tides their banks no more will course ;  
The vital part, on viewless pinions fleet,  
Will speed its flight toward its primal source.

They who for loss of me might grieve that day,  
I would their hearts could find a healing balm ;  
And may some loving, kindred spirit say—  
“ He braved Life's storms and found eternal calm.”

*Frank P. Reno.*

## The Mighty Arm.

"Underneath are the Everlasting Arms."

Pilgrims of earth sadly roving  
Pining for rest and light,  
Bending 'neath weight of sorrows  
Losing thy way through night,  
Let not thy once stout heart fail thee ;  
Think what thy griefs may avail thee ;  
Fear not o'er care's sea to sail thee ;  
God's arms forever uphold !

Life's path is set with temptations,  
Dangers forever arise  
Hiding the "Beautiful Eden"  
Wherein thy peacefulness lies ;  
With weapons of Faith ever arm thee  
That naught of earth's foes e'er can harm thee  
Nor darkening clouds e'er alarm thee  
Since God's arms forever uphold !

More tender than fondest of mothers  
Those arms are twined 'round thee each day—  
But so silent and tender the pressure  
Their presence is known not alway  
Till woe, like a storm cloud, hangs o'er thee—  
And grief, to the very dust lowers thee  
Then a Refuge of Strength looms before thee ;  
God's arms forever uphold !

O, wonderful promise of safety !  
O sweetest gift of divine love !  
From Calvary's cross-crowned summit  
Up to the Throne above  
Reacheth those arms out to save thee !  
With praise take the gift that God gave thee ;  
In the fount of Emmanuel's blood bathe thee ;  
*God's arms forever uphold !*

*Minnie Fleeman Fowler.*

Pleasure.

Tilting above us on fluttering pinions,  
Brilliant with hues of the rainbow and sun,  
Floating away like a beautiful phantom,  
Baffling us ever as onward we run,  
The butterfly Pleasure skims past in gay beauty—  
Our first, brightest vision when life is begun.

Blinding our eyes and enthralling our senses,  
Gilding our fancy with vanishing ray  
From the shimmering castles of airy foundation,  
Where, reigning in glory, it drives care away,  
The butterfly Pleasure leads on, and we follow,  
Through the darkness of night and the sunbeams of day.

With wings that are dusty and drooping and fading,  
When, once in our power, its late glories lie,  
The bloom is all brushed from its dainty, soft plumage ;  
Its pinions are folded, too weary to fly.  
The butterfly Pleasure is dying in bondage,  
No longer to flit in the sunny, blue sky.

We have gained but to lose it—the poor crumpled semblance,  
Hues dingy and tarnished are all that remain ;  
In the dust by the roadside it lies without beauty,  
It is scorched by the sun, washed away by the rain.  
We may weep and implore, but the butterfly Pleasure  
Has vanished, and never will come back again.

*Grace H. Boutelle.*


### Lines to Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Your letter came in season due ;  
My thanks I'll now extend to you,  
    In homely rhyme ;  
Were mine the pen of Boston's bard,  
Then would I prove my warm regard  
    In verse sublime.

My Pegasus—unhappy fate—  
Jogs on with Rosinante's gait,  
    A clumsy steed ;  
On Clavileno's back to spring,  
To twist the peg, and soar, and sing,  
    Were joy indeed.

Ah, me ! I thrum a broken lyre ;  
Whatever themes the strings inspire,  
    The music flags ;  
Discerning minds observe the flaws,  
Are slow to venture their applause  
    Where merit lags.

I'll state in Anglo-Saxon clear,  
Your letter, Doctor, brought me cheer,  
    Like song of birds ;  
And, if beneath your strokes I purr,  
Forgive me, for I like, dear sir,  
    Your kindly words.



Unvarnished Truth in noble hearts  
The glow of priceless worth imparts  
    To wayward man,  
Engages Wrong in mortal strife,  
And strews with blossoms sweet and rife  
    Life's narrow span.

The world, with all its wisdom, sighs ;  
Earth, ocean, air, the boundless skies,  
    Their secrets hold ;  
Can Science, filled with Argus eyes,  
Tell how a daisy blooms and dies  
    Within the mold ?

We grope and stumble ; from the height  
Eternal gleams the mystic light,  
    E'en for our sakes ;  
Frail man is naught, save when the ray  
Celestial rolls the mist away ;  
    Then wisdom wakes.

The Hand that guides the sweeping spheres,  
And measures out the crumbling years  
    With pow'r supreme,  
Provides for all the human race,  
Designs for each in ev'ry place  
    The true *regime*.

A noble mind, howe'er obscure,  
That subtle vice cannot allure,  
    Mere fame transcends ;  
And such with warm and manly heart  
And purpose strong performs the part  
    That God intends.




Why dream and doubt? The way is plain ;  
Let me devote the heart and brain  
    To wisdom's cause ;  
Fulfillment yields the highest bliss ;  
The loss were small if I should miss  
    The world's applause.

Will Shakespeare's analytic pen  
Portrayed the thoughts and acts of men  
    With matchless art ;  
John Milton struck sublimer keys,  
His wondrous deep-toned melodies  
    Move brain and heart.

In strains profound blind Homer sang  
The siege of Troy, Ulysses' pang,  
    His consort's woes ;  
Will Wordsworth's sweet and gentle Muse,  
As pure as smiling April's dews,  
    From nature flows.

Alas! I wander from the text ;  
No doubt you think—"What's coming next?  
    Will wonders cease?"  
Ah, Doctor, you should bear in mind,  
My steed is mooneyed, almost blind,  
    Hence, mars one's peace.

The Ayrshire plowman tuned his lyre,  
Auld Scotia caught his magic fire,  
    Him Scots revere ;  
Oh, that Rab's Muse had sang our scenes,  
Our valleys, hills, and sloping greens,  
    And new-world cheer.



This side of Mississippi's stream  
'There's pasturage as rich as cream  
    For all the Nine ;  
It lies out wild 'neath skies of blue,  
And all the poet has to do,  
    Is—bend his spine.

Now, should you find some spirit choice,  
Some genius rare with rhythmic voice,  
    Pray, do your best  
To have him leave his roof-tree soon ;  
Be sure you send him off in tune,  
    And—send him West.

*Frank P. Reno.*

## At Lake Mon-pay.

Did you ever hear of *Lake Mon-pay*?  
That's what it's called in English way—  
It's a grand old place for a grand old time;  
It's be'n rote on, an' sung on in every clime  
I 'spose for the past fifteen years or so.  
An' yet I might sing—till hoarse as a crow,  
I'd git, an' talk an hour—I say—  
An' not half tell you of Lake Mon-pay.

It's placed just about on the centre of earth;  
It is bounded by spoonin', horse racin' an' mirth,  
Blue sky overhead, an' seats made of trees—  
An' on 'em I sets when the sights I see's—  
An' I see's 'em all varied, saddenin' or gay—  
Jest which style best suits at Lake Mon-pay,  
Till my eyelids droop like a chickin's wing  
An' I feel like a toad that's lost his sing.

It goes there for picnics an' parties an' dance,  
An' such wimmen I see! Why, I go in a trance  
An' dream of a time that's past—or to come;  
For the styles that I see quite strike me dumb.  
There are hats of kinds, an' sizes, an' cloth—  
An' the homelier the female an' covered with moth,  
An' freckled—or wrinkled—or sallow—or gay—  
The more strikin' the hat worn at Lake Mon-pay.



I wonders if wimmen *is* follerin' style  
When yellow as safferin' an' bilious as bile  
They git on a little top knot on their head  
An' *flamin'* in color—you bet—scarlet red !  
An' wiggle along with elbows stuck out  
No matter *how* far, when they start on their "rout ;"  
An' I wonder why wimmen with heads of gray  
Should have *such* taste at Lake Mon-pay.

I don't pretend to know all the worlds,  
But I think when a woman of sixty curls  
Her locks in her neck—a hind—a fore  
Well ! I should say her brain was sore.  
An' when a man's legs are crooked like a horn  
Why *can't* he keep still ? 'Tis so forlorn  
To see a gal all fixed up an' gay,  
A dancin' "in brackets" at Lake Mon-pay.

I've seen all sorts an' kinds of fun—  
I've been through the war an' fit at Bull-Run  
But of cripples an' wounded no sight I seen  
Nor ever could short of European  
That startles my fancy an' jostles my nerves,  
When men an' wimmen take sidelong curves,  
In dancin' or spoonin' or courtin' away  
Dressed in such style at Lake Mon-pay.

*Minnie Fleeman Fowler.*

Adjustment.

A voice, a form from secret glades ;  
A path of light by day ;  
A tell-tale sound, when daylight fades,  
Bespeaks its winding way.

Sweet stream, though frequent sedgy fens  
Approach thy margin near,  
Thy sheening track down greening glens  
Gleams onward bright with cheer.

Of life's design thou hast the clew  
Revealed unto my heart ;  
Thou dream of wings, thy way pursue,  
Of God's own plan a part.

*Frank P. Reno.*



A Faded Pansy.

My garden walks are sweet with bloom,  
Each flow'r its pride uprears—  
But a faded pansy's faint perfume  
Has drenched my eyes with tears.

*Curtis Hall.*

## May-Day Rain.

The day is dark. The sky is weeping rain ;  
The tear-drops beat and splash along the pane :  
The wild winds moan among the humid leaves,  
And sobs each rain-sprite like a heart that grieves.

'Mid leafy thatch, with folded, dripping wing  
A half-scared bird peeps out and tries to sing ;  
The wailing winds absorb the shattered strain ;  
The clouds condense, and faster falls the rain ;  
The restless rain ! the murm'rous, sea-born rain !  
It sighs, and pines to mingle with the main !

A thousand rills through greening meadows flow ;  
The bird is mute ; the wizard winds still blow ;  
A deeper haze o'erspreads the shrouded pane,  
And—still the rain ! the palpitating rain !

The sun's bright lances pierce the liquid skies ;  
The bird awakes and sings its sweet surprise ;  
The fresh-washed flow'rs a triple fragrance yield ;  
The wooing winds steal through each waiting field ;  
The veiling mist has vanished from the pane :—  
Blue sky and smiles o'er all the prospect reign.

*Frank P. Reno.*



### The Source of Song.

Nymph Syrinx fled across the meads,  
While smitten Pan did follow ;  
And Daphne flew before the steeds  
Of flashing, bright Apollo.

Full swift and far each breathless chase  
Was pushed with keen endeavor :  
The Beauties sank in kindly place,  
Protected by the River.

And they are gone. For Syrinx fair  
Pan taught the reed to carol :  
In honor of his Daphne rare,  
Apollo reared the laurel.

'Tis thus, with evanescent Dream,  
The poet's thought is feathered ;  
He seeks to clasp the subtle gleam—  
And so sweet songs are gathered !

*Chas. G. Blanden.*



## An Episode.

A bumble-bee, when June had touched her noon,  
And clover blooms were bent by winds and dews,  
While spinning 'round a discontented tune  
Wax tired of toil, grew dull o'er richest hues,  
And, out of humor with companion bees,  
Resolved to spend an hour of aimless ease.

Quite nonchalant, the idler hummed about  
Buds, corols, leaves, a song-winged country lout.  
While dozing near a tuft of thistle green,  
It chanced to spy an artist down a glade,  
Who, seated at his easel, drew a scene—  
Blue sky, deep woods, green fields in sun and shade.

"Now, by my sting!" soliloquized the bee,  
"Was ever such purloining seen before?  
A noon-day filcher here, what right has he  
To pilfer thus from Nature's treasured lore?"  
Whereat the little cynic made each wing  
Hum louder, while resolving on his sting.

The patient artist, toiling with his brush,  
Was startled by an angry buzzing near;  
And closer still approached the threat'ning gush  
Of droning sound that made the purpose clear.  
Full at his face the fuming meddler flew;  
With lightning stroke the bumble-bee he slew,  
And, gazing down upon the hapless shirk,  
Smiled half in pity, then—resumed his work.

*Frank P. Reno.*



## Heaven's Edelweiss.

A delicate glimmering flower,  
Soft and white as an angel's wing,  
Grows upon the mountains of Heaven,  
A dainty, wee, fluttering thing.

On the mountains of clouds that are drifting  
In the blue arched vault reaching so high,  
Grows this shy, little, trembling blossom,  
The edelweiss up in the sky.

When the earth has grown cold, and the song-birds  
To the southward are ready to fly;  
When the skeleton trees toss their branches  
Like gaunt brown arms, shriveled and dry;

Then the edelweiss floats from the mountain,  
All frosty and gleaming and fair,  
As the angels take up the pure clusters,  
And scatter them down through the air.

It whispers sweet words to the flowers  
That sleep in the earth out of sight,  
And, floating down, covers the tree-tops,  
Like brides, with a veil of snow white.

Then our earth blossoms out in fresh beauty,  
Like a white world of clouds here below,  
All darkness and ugliness hidden;  
And the edelweiss? *That* is the snow.

*Grace H. Boutelle.*



### The Singer.


A pale-browed poet paced his narrow room ;  
Clouds veiled the sky, the heavy air was chill ;  
The breath of March rushed down the bleaky hill ;  
The singer's heart encompassed was with gloom.

He gazed upon the maples dank with rain,  
Their leafless branches swayed with wailing cries ;  
He gleaned no cheer along the liquid skies ;  
He bowed his head in weariness and pain.

He saw no verdure springing from the soil ;  
In vestments sere the sullen landscape lay ;  
The earth was bloomless, sunless, cold and gray,  
And shy repayment stood aloof from toil.

He shook with sighs. The Fates are harsh, he said ;  
My poor resolves must needs heed their decree ;  
The joy of recompense is not for me ;  
Fair, meek-eyed Peace and smiling Hope have fled.

He closed his eyes against the light of day—  
The dreariness without but grieved his sight—  
When lo ! from out that artificial night  
A nightingale poured forth its roundelay.



Be brave, O, Minstrel ! triumph o'er despair !  
Thus sang the bird in blitheful, wondrous strains ;  
The sun will shine when pass away the rains ;  
Dew-dripping April bringeth treasures rare.

Sweet flow'rs will spring o'er meadow, hill, and glen ;  
The tuneful choirs will wake a gladsome strain ;  
Be patient yet, your work is not in vain,  
Your songs will live within the hearts of men.

*Frank P. Reno.*

### My Love.

We met ; 'twas long, long years ago,  
Ere time had touched the tender glow  
    Upon her cheek ;  
Ere sorrow's circles gathered round  
The pensive eyes, deep, dark, profound,  
    That seemed to speak ;

Ere she had learned to know of wrong,  
And all the burden of her song  
    Was of the good ;  
As in some quiet, tangled dell  
A song-bird's happy voice will swell  
    And fill the wood.

Ah, she was then divinely fair,  
And as I kissed her heavy hair  
    That gleamed like gold,  
And caught the love-look in her eye,  
I asked myself with inward sigh,  
    Will she grow old ?

Can woman's cares and woman's tears,  
That fill the fastly fleeting years  
    With so much woe,  
Despoil her of that queenly grace,  
Or steal the beauty from her face ?  
    I thought not so.

But time's iconoclastic hand  
Forever strews the fairy land  
    Of man's desire,  
With disappointment and despair,  
And wrecks the joys he counts most fair,  
    With ruin dire.

And as the years swept on apace  
They left their record in the face  
    I held so dear;  
They bowed the proud and stately form  
That oft with me had braved life's storm  
    Without a fear ;

They robbed the supple limbs of strength ;  
Ah, cruel years, until at length  
    Her steps grew slow ;  
And in her voice a tremor sad  
They sat to mar the music glad  
    Of long ago.

Yet, she is still divinely fair,  
And as I kissed the whitened hair  
    Once tinged with gold,  
I catch the love-look in her eye  
That thrilled me in the years gone by,  
    Ere she grew old.

And through the deep-cut lines of care  
I see the beauty chaste and rare  
    That won my heart,—  
The beauty of the olden days ;  
And long as Love her sceptre sways,  
    'Twill ne'er depart.

*Frank Hall.*

### Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Thy hand no longer wields the magic pen ;  
Death kissed thy tireless fingers still and cold ;  
Upon thy breast they rest beneath the mold ;  
Thy words still live deep in the souls of men.

O, love-charged lips, that knew to banish strife !  
O, good, brave heart, so eloquent of love !  
O, bard, empower'd by highest courts above,  
Thy strains inspire to grander aims of life !

Thy gentle muse this noblest truth imparts—  
To all mankind the greatest good be done ;  
While night gives stars, and day his quick'ning sun,  
Remain, thy songs, to gladden homes and hearts.

*Frank P. Reno.*











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